

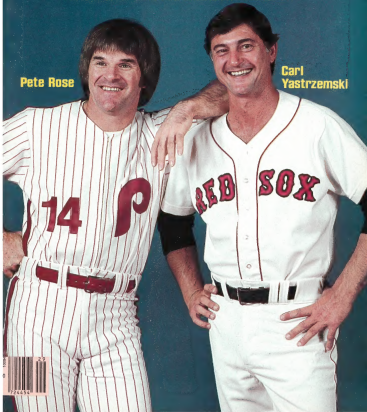
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JULY 19, 1982 / Volume 87, No. 3

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CONTENTS

12 It Was Italy, Prettily

Paolo Rossi scored six times for Italy in the World Cup and set his team off to a rout of West Germany in the final. **by Clive Gammon**

18 The Sweet Swing Music of the 40s

Boyz n the City's Carl Vassell, 42, and Philadelphia's Pete Rose, 41, are still turning out those hit records. **by Jim Kaplan and Steve Wulf**

22 Call It the Moorcroft Massacre

In a week of stunning races, the most startling was a world-record runaway by David McKeown in the 5,000 **by Jerry Kirshenbaum**

26 The Dean of the DHs

No designated hitter has been as successful for as long as Hal McRae, a full-time star at a part-time position. **by Ron Flear**

32 A Strange and Fairly Disgusting Fish Story

The point of match angling, the English workingman's passion, is to catch lots of little fish—and beat the brookie. **by Clive Gammon**

54 Seattle: City Life at Its Best

Sports, organized and free-form, participant and spectator, above
 Free, fostering civic pride and uncommon vigor **by Sarah Pflieger**

DEPARTMENTS

Scorecard _____ 7 Golf _____ 52 16th Hole _____ 76
Baseball _____ 48 For the Record _____ 75 *Continued on page 14*

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Associate Writer Sarah Pileggi returned to Seattle to research her opus on that robust and beautiful city (page 54), she was, in fact, digging into her own past. She was born there and spent the first four years of her life there—no more than that. Yet her early memories of Seattle, fragmented and uncertain as they are, made an extraordinary impression on her. She recalls, "My family left Seattle and moved to Los Angeles when I was four. I don't know if it's possible when you're only four, but I think now I was terribly homesick. I remember when we first got to L.A. I would sometimes pass by a low scrubby fir that someone was watering, and the cool evergreen smell reminded me so strongly of Seattle that I'd get down on my knees to get closer to it."

But Seattle meant a good deal more than the fragrance of fir to her. It had been the seat and source of her family for four generations. Pileggi's great-grandfather, Martin Dickerson Ballard, first ventured on horseback to the Pacific Northwest from his home in Iowa in 1852 at the age of 22. After 12 years of mining, running pack trains and fighting the Indian wars, he returned to Iowa, married and went into the hardware business. But in 1877 he was on his way West again, this time to Albany, Ore., where he acquired horse say wool a grain elevator and established the Red Crown Flouring Mills.

In 1882 Ballard moved on to Seattle, a frontier town still, but one with big aspirations. There he founded a hardware store that soon became the Seattle Hardware Company, a business that prospered thanks to Seattle's booming growth in the '90s and, later, the Klondike Gold Rush of 1897. In fact, when a huge fire swept Seattle in 1889, wiping

out most of the commercial district, including Seattle Hardware, only 48 hours passed before everybody was back in business, operating from a small city of tents. Family legend has it that M.D.'s young son, Roy, Pileggi's grandfather, was sitting in school when the fire set off the ammunition at Seattle

Hardware, and he jumped out a window to see what was going on.

"In those days," Pileggi says, "young men were expected to go West. Some were suited to it, some weren't. Martin Dickerson Ballard definitely was."

Today the Seattle Hardware Company building still stands, as do several other landmarks of Pileggi's past, including, even, M.D. Ballard's big white house on Queen Anne Hill,



PILEGGI: YOU CAN TOO GO HOME AGAIN

although it has been divided into apartments and condominiums.

Pileggi's brother, Jon Ballard, is the only one of M.D.'s descendants in Seattle now—a cyclist, sailor, skier, tennis player and distance runner who typifies the vigorous people who cannot resist Seattle's sporting lure. "But even with the other relatives gone," says Pileggi, "Seattle still feels more like home than most places I've lived. I guess that's a kind of displacement felt by a lot of Californians. 'Deracination' is a word another Californian, Joan Didion, made chic a few years ago. We feel rootless, so we identify with the place our parents came from. I've lived in New York for 20 years now, and I like it a lot—that fact alone probably makes me about as deracinated as you can get. But with a place like Seattle to fall back on, that's not all bad."

Philip D. Howard

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McENROE'S WAY

For many American players, the Davis Cup has lost much of its luster. Because tournaments and exhibitions pay far better, Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis et al. always seem to be unavailable when it comes time to play for the U.S. John McEnroe, however, has always been committed to the Davis Cup and for the past four years has been the mainstay of the American squad. His performance against Sweden last week in the quarter-final round of Cup play dramatically underscored both these facts.

Seven days after losing his Wimbledon crown in a five-set, four-hour struggle against Connors, McEnroe found himself facing French Open champion Yannick Noah in the fifth and deciding match in the St. Louis Checkersdown. (Why must a tennis match in July be played indoors, anyway?) Taking on this hungry wanderer was undoubtedly the last way McEnroe wanted to spend a Sunday evening. Five sets (7-7, 6-2, 15-17, 3-6, 8-6), 6½ hours and 79 games later, McEnroe had won one of the most memorable matches in Davis Cup—all of tennis?—history. Many players would have called it a day after winning the first two sets and gaining a break in the third—only to lose the marathon set. Many would have given up in the fifth set, when they were dead tired, their opponent was making next to no enforced errors and they weren't playing particularly well to boot. McEnroe didn't. To be sure, McEnroe was his usual intransigent self: menacing lineages, badgering the umpire and agonizing over his own blunders. Once, when the net judge called an apparent McEnroe ace a let, McEnroe yelled, "Come on, pal, you're American!" Still, as this match reminded us, giving his all in Davis Cup play also is part of McEnroe's usual self.

DOGE OF A FEATHER

The following ad appeared the other day in *The New York Times*, under the classification of Imported & Sports Cars Wanted:

DELOREAN—will trade 2,000 cases Chinese vodka (in bond value \$25,500) for new auto DeLorean or similar exotic. 201-492-0089.

The DeLorean is the gull-wing sports car that came on the U.S. market with a highly publicized splash (and a \$26,000 price tag) in 1981. But what in the world is Chinese vodka? Well, it turns out to be the DeLorean of the liquor business. Called Great Wall Vodka, it was described as the most expensive vodka in the world—at more than \$10 a bottle—when it arrived in the U.S. in 1978.

Alas, both Great Wall Vodka and DeLorean have more or less sunk since their splashy debuts. John DeLorean's Northern Ireland auto plant is in receivership, the future of his company is in doubt and the car's market value has dropped to around \$15,000. As for Great Wall, marketing money dried up and no great demand for the product developed, as David Cookson, the New Jersey import-export dealer who placed the ad, is the first to admit. Still, as all salesmen know, you've got to move the merchandise.

"The vodka was a dog for me," says Cookson, "and I saw that the DeLorean wasn't too easy to move, either. I thought this might be a way for two people with problems to come out whole."

Cookson says if a trade is effected he'll keep the DeLorean and sell the Mustang he now drives. So far, several interested people, both with and without DeLoreans, have phoned him about the vodka, but as of last weekend the Great Wall still had not moved.

MANHATTAN SWIMATHON

People like to swim around New York's Manhattan Island. Well, some people. Tom Hetzel, who has swum the English Channel eight times, has done the Manhattan circuit twice and will attempt it again on July 19. What's different about Hetzel's swim this time is that he'll be accompanied by Drury Gallagher, a national masters swimming champion in the 40-44 age group, and that their attempt will be sponsored by the fledgling Manhattan Island Swimming Association, which intends to establish rules and record standards and get some publicity for a proposed Open Invitation Group Swim around the island on Sept. 14. Gallagher is even putting up a trophy, honoring his son, who died last year, for the winner of the September race.

In short, what's in store is another New York marathon, this one involving lots of determined souls swimming up the East River into the Harlem and down the Hudson to the Battery, then back up the East River to the starting point at East 85th Street. The distance is approximately 27 miles, or slightly longer than a runner's marathon. It takes a top swimmer from six to 10 hours, depending on weather conditions, to go the distance, compared to the slightly more than two hours a crack marathon runner needs.

The Manhattan swim also requires precise timing because of the strong tides. Gallagher explains, "You have to catch the turn at the Battery so that the tide in the East River is in your favor."



Otherwise, an outgoing tide will send you across New York Bay."

There are other hazards, too. Like pollution. "I might get a shot beforehand," says Gallagher, thinking of the possibility of infection, but he adds, "At least there are no sharks. There are traffic problems, though, a lot of boats, some debris. Some of the water is really filthy. You just swim around the worst stuff."

CONVERSATION PRICE

A few weeks ago Staff Writer Craig Neff was sitting in the lobby of the Panorama Sommerhotel in Oslo, talking with marathon and distance-running champion Alberto Salazar on the eve of the Bileti

continued

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SCORECARD continued

track and field games, when a middle-aged American couple invited themselves into the conversation. They didn't know Neff or Salazar, who was to set an American record in the 10,000 meters the next day (St. July 5). They were just friendly folks on a Scandinavian tour who wanted to chat with a couple of fellow Americans. After the preliminaries the man asked, "So what are two American boys doing over here in—where are we now? Norway?"

"Oslo," said his wife.

"We're here for the track meet," Salazar said.

"You run?" the husband asked Salazar.

"Uh, yes, I've entered in the 10,000 meters."

The husband squinted. "You must be in pretty good shape, boy."

"Have you ever run in one of those marathons?" the wife asked.

"Yeah, a couple," said Alberto.

The wife was visibly impressed. "And you finished? They're so long."

"You ever run Boston?" interrupted the husband.

"Well, yes, I did this year."

"Oh, we saw some of that on TV," said the wife. "What was that fellow's name who won?"

Alberto tilted his head and feigned a deep mental search. "I think it was some guy named Alberto Salazar," he said.

"That's not it," said the husband.

"Rodgers? Something like that?" offered the wife.

"I believe that's right," said the husband.

"Actually, I think it was Salazar," insisted Alberto.

"Did you get to see him at all?" the wife asked. "He was going very fast."

Alberto smiled slightly. "I was probably too far back."

"Have you ever run in the New York Marathon?" asked the husband.

"My husband saw part of that last year," said the wife. "He got caught at an intersection and all the people were in the way."

"Did you ever see the leaders?" asked Alberto.

"Oh yes," said the husband. "You know, I think it was that Salazar fellow who won that one."

"This is exciting," beamed the wife. "Will Salazar be running here?"

"Yes," said Alberto. "I think he's also entered in the 10,000."

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"Oh boy," said the wife. "You'll have a tough one. Do you think if we go to the meet tomorrow we'll see him?"

"Maybe," said Alberto.

SOURCE PLAY

Texas Stadium, where the Cowboys and SMU play home games, has a problem, maybe a unique one. Too many line-sites are using its parking lot. Each of the boxes in the stadium's luxurious Circle Suite is allotted three spaces in the official parking area, but not everybody with a pass to park there can do so. The reason? The lines run up more than a space apiece. "Over the past several seasons," reads a stadium directive on parking issued in June, "the use of linesites as a means of transportation to Cowboys and/or SMU games has increased dramatically. . . . We have reached the point where we have fewer stalls than official parking tickets issued."

If you hear a Dallas fan talk about being spaced out, now you'll know exactly what he's talking about.

BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL

Players from the old Negro leagues, which flourished in the 1920s, '30s and '40s before Jackie Robinson broke Original Baseball's color line, have held annual reunions for the past few years (SL, July 6, 1981), and in this year's session the oldtimers picked an Alltime Negro Leagues All-Star team. Limited to those players who had spent at least six seasons in the leagues (Robinson, Willie Mays, Henry Aaron and others who played only a couple of seasons before going to the majors weren't eligible), the Black All-Stars, as selected by their peers, are:

Right-handed pitcher, Satchel Paige, Kansas City Monarchs, over teammate Hilton Smith and Martin Dihigo of the Cuban Stars (later called the New York Cubans).

Left-handed pitcher, Tie between Bill Foster of the Chicago American Giants and Luis Tiant Sr. of the Cuban Stars (El Tiant's father).

Catcher, Josh Gibson of the Homestead Grays. An overwhelming choice, but Ray Campanella, the Dodger star who played nine seasons with the Baltimore Elite Giants, got some mention.

First Baseman, Buck Leonard, Grays. More of a runaway choice than any other player, including Paige and Gibson.

Second Baseman, Newt Allen of the Monarchs, who edged out Dixie Sney of the Newark Eagles.

Shortstop, Willie Wells of the Eagles, in a close race with Dick Lundy of the Bacharach Giants. Perceve Harris of the Elite Giants and Arnie Wilson of the Birmingham Black Barons.

Third Baseman, Tie between Judy Johnson of the Pittsburgh Crawfords and Ray Dandridge of the Eagles. Johnson was the choice of the older players, Dandridge of the younger ones.

Overfielders, Cool Papa Bell and Oscar Charleston of the Crawfords and Monte Irvin of the Eagles (and later of the New York Giants).

Manager, Rube Foster of the American Giants, a real oldtimer—he helped organize Negro baseball in the early 1920s—in a surprisingly close race with Candy Jim Taylor, who managed the Indianapolis ABC's and other teams.

As always with all-star picks, there'll be arguments—where are John Henry Lloyd, Butler Rogan, Cammerball Dick Redding, Smokey Joe Williams? But eight of the 13 men selected—Paige, Gibson, Leonard, Johnson, Bell, Charleston, Irvin and Foster—are already in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, as is Dihigo.

GOODBALL

Umpire John Kibler looked puzzled a while back when San Diego Pitcher John Montefusco asked him to examine the baseball. Kibler said it looked all right to him, but Montefusco showed him the manufacturer's name: Spalding. Spalding hasn't made a big league baseball since Rawlings took over in 1977.

Kibler tossed the ball to a bat boy. He had recognized it for what it was, one of the old but unused baseballs umpires often carry with them to have autographed for friends and relatives, which somehow had gotten mixed in with the batch of game balls. Moored the abashed Kibler. "Why couldn't it have been sealed into the stands?"

TEACHER'S PET

Archie Manning, the vaperative quarterback from the University of Mississippi whose fate in pro football has been to play his entire career with the lowly New Orleans Saints, and Terry Bradshaw, the Louisiana Tech star who quarterbacked the Pittsburgh Steelers to four Super

Bowl victories, recently appeared together at a football camp for boys 8 to 18 in Alabama. Bradshaw quietly sat to one side as Manning began lecturing the youngsters on no-no's that quarterbacks should avoid:

Manning: "One bad habit is taking a false step forward when you take the snap from center."

Bradshaw: "I do that!"

Manning: "Quarterbacks also tend to look at the ground when they drop back in the pocket."

Bradshaw: "I do that!"

Manning: "Another bad habit is putting the football before throwing a pass."

Bradshaw: "I do that!"

Manning: "So you see, if you have these bad habits, all you'll do is win four Super Bowls. If you don't, maybe you'll go 8-8."

THIRDSOME FROM BELMONT HEIGHTS

Pitcher Vance Lovelace was a first-round pick—by the Cubs—in last year's major league amateur baseball draft. Pitchers Dwight Gooden and Floyd Youmans were first- and second-round selections, respectively, in this year's draft; both were tapped by the Mets. Astonishingly, Lovelace, Gooden and Youmans all played for a while on the same team at Hillsborough High in Tampa, Fla. Even more astonishingly, they played on the same team—Belmont Heights of Tampa, Fla.—in the 1979 Senior League World Series, an event for youngsters from 13 to 15, in Gary, Ind. You would think that a kids' team with three solid big league pitching prospects would be world-beaters, but Belmont Heights wound up as the tournament runner-up behind Taiwan. No, no Taiwanese were drafted by the big leaguers.

THEY SAID IT

● Leo Morenburg, publicist for the University of Massachusetts at Boston, on the honorary doctor of humane letters degree that the university conferred on the Celtics' Red Auerbach: "Well, there's no question we'll get more mileage out of this than we would with a Bulgarian chemist."

● Perry Tuttle, Buffalo's rookie wide receiver, describing his style of play: "I'm a flashy runner. If I'm open down the sideline, I'll cut across the field to hear the crowd yell."

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—POPULAR MECHANICS

"...a hard-charging fun-to-drive machine."

—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

"...exceptional performance and cornering."

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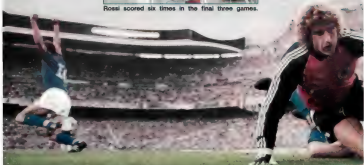
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Rossi scored six times in the final three games.



It Was Italy,



Sports Illustrated

JULY 19, 1990

Prettily

Paolo Rossi mulls while still on the ground as his leader starts off Italy's 3-1 rout of West Germany in the final of the World Cup. **by CLIVE GARRISON**

fluid, and creative style seemed likely to have little trouble with a defense-minded bunch of thugs. The one factor no one took into account was Rossi.

He had been under a cloud for more than two years, ever since a grim Sunday in February 1980 when Italian police had interrupted major league games across the country to charge players with fraud. Two infamous betters had claimed they hadn't received value for considerable sums—as much as \$240,000—to a whole team—paid to “influence” the results of games. Among the 38 players, coaches and managers named was the Perugia Club's Rossi, Italy's highest-salaried player and its idol after his brilliant performance during his country's fourth-place finish in the '78 World Cup.

The charges against all the accused were, in fact, dropped by the court for lack of evidence, and no allegation was ever made that Rossi took money, only that he refused to testify against fellow players. Nevertheless, the Italian soccer league held its own hearings, and with 17 other players, Rossi was suspended, it is case for three years. That term was reduced to two on appeal.

So it was only this May that Rossi began playing again, just three weeks be-

fore the start of the World Cup. His lack of playing time was evident. “Send him home!” howled the Italian press even before the opening round of the 24-team World Cup trials. The bombing would continue until the memorable fifth minute of the Brazil game, when forward Bruno Conti broke clear and got Defender Antonio Cabrera away on the left. Just to the right of the goal, disregarded by the Brazilians, Rossi was ready to head home Cabrera's crossed ball.

That game is now an authentic piece of World Cup history. For the first time the Italians committed themselves to attack. Twice Brazil called to tie the score. Twice Rossi put Italy ahead again. The final score of 3-2 included a hat trick for Pahlitz, and suddenly Las Ramblas, Barcelona's 42nd Street, which had echoed for days with a taberna-to-taberna samba beat from happy Brazilian fans, fell silent. In Rio, when Rossi got the winner, a 20-year-old shot himself dead.

It was different in Rome. Fans splashed happily in the city's fountains. And when it came to Italy's semifinal against Poland last Thursday, all the big stores closed down. Who would want to shop with the game on TV?

That match was anticlimactic. The Poles were without their Midfielder, Zigmunt Boniek, and perhaps their 0-0 battle with the Soviets, which had eliminated the U.S.S.R. a few days earlier, had

drained them. In any case, the Poles looked finished even before Rossi put his team ahead 2-0 with goals in the 24th and 71st minutes. All Italy erupted again, and everywhere Rossi, who now had five goals—Italy's entire output in two games, was the hero.

In Verona, if you had a ticket for the first night of Verdi's *Otello*, you were unlucky. You couldn't hear the score for the celebrating fans. The politicians started to cash in. Announcing he would be in Madrid for the final, Italy's pomp prime minister, Giovanni Spadolini, claimed that he brought the country back. Sandro Pertini, the nation's president, watching the game on TV while in France for a state visit, leaped from his chair to announce that he would make Rossi a commendatore, the highest civil title the republic awards. Meanwhile, offers of free wine and lifetime supplies of free shoes had come Rossi's way.

In Italy's newspapers there was some powerful word-eating. Gianni Rivera, the doyen of Italian soccer commentators, wrote in Rome's *La Repubblica*, “I will wear the habit of a penitent and follow the procession of Saint Bartholomew in repentance at my home village.”

The Italian players remained unforgiving. They were sold on strike, they said, against their country's press, which had been giving them such a rough passage, and wouldn't even talk to foreign journalists, who might pass their quotes on. Rossi, though, gracefully indicated that he would be happy to give his opinion on the weather.

That assessment, almost certainly, would have had to have been excised from any family reading, because the weather in Spain was belated, capable, it seemed, of recognizing the talents of both Rossi and Rönnerberg. A battering heat wave had drifted in from the Sahara. In the little town of Girona, 25 miles from Barcelona where the Italy-Poland game was played, the temperature reached an ironic 120°. And in Beslve in the south, where Germany met France in the other semi, it was 90° when the game started at 9 p.m.

There, at the end of regulation time, with the score at 1-1 and 30 minutes of overtime in prospect, the players collapsed on the field for a five-minute armistice, plain agony on faces striped with sweat and dirt. Michel Platini, the

Continued

Schuster watches helplessly as the ball headed by Rossi (almost obscured by two defenders) goes in the net for a 1-0 Italian lead, giving a joyous rise to Rossi.





Tardelli's shot from edge of penalty area found Schuster, trying to cut down the angle but quite badly out of position. Score: 2-0.



WORLD CUP *continued*

French captain, whose speed running in midfield should have had the game won by now. Lay prone, holding ice to his calves. Eyes both German and French bulged as liter-bottles of orange mineral were sucked dry in seconds. All too soon, the sides lined up again.

And then came a miracle for France in the stands: rained red, white and blue with track dots. Two minutes from the restart, Defender Marius Tresson put France ahead, and six minutes later Alain Giresse, a midfielder of stuff as delicate as his name, made it 3-1. Now the French looked certain to make the finals.

Rüfenberg, meanwhile, had sat on the bench with his bad leg through the sweltering night. Coach Jupp Derwall

clearly unwilling to risk him. On the bench also was 6' 2", 190-pound Horst Hrubesch, another strong attacker, who a week earlier had publicly called Derwall a coward for not using him against England, when the Germans had played for a tie. But this was a desperate situation, so Derwall threw in first Hrubesch, then Rüfenberg.

And it was Rüfenberg, in the 102nd minute, who established position on the left of the box and brought the score to 5-2. Six minutes later Hrubesch nodded the ball across to Forward Klaus Fischer, who kicked overhead to tie the game up 5-3.

And so the outcome would be decided by the crude and cruel charade of the

penalty shootout. France's hopes appeared to rise when fourth Defender Ulrich Stehrle, the third of the six players who would kick for the Germans, saw his shot saved. He sank to his knees, weeping. Harald Schuster, Germany's keeper, ran over to hold him. "I'll stop the next one," Schuster promised. And he delivered, deflecting Dieter Six's shot and later that of Maxime Bossis to give Germany a 5-4 shootout edge and a berth in the final.

A less than, this Schuster? Not to the millions of TV viewers who had rarely or seen him brutally deck French Defender Patrick Battson with a forearm smash to the mouth as Battson ran onto a teammate's pass. Battson was carried off on a stretcher, an oxygen mask covering his breathing. Schuster's was a sending-off offense that, extraordinarily, the referee did not notice.

Even before that ugly moment, though, the Germans had easily won the title of of Munich's least popular team. It had tasted no glory on the way to the final, with its early stunning defeat by Algeria, its shameful "fried" game with Australia that the Austrians advance at



Algeria's expense and its trench warfare in holding England to a 0-0 tie. And on Sunday night in Madrid, Germany faced not only the Italians but a stadium full of Spaniards as well.

The Cup and old hands Zoff and Bearzot.



As the Germans ran out onto the field and their names were announced over the loudspeakers, the locals howled their disapproval. Already, in the streets and in the papers, it had been made clear that they were on Italy's side, and the news that Giancarlo Antognoni, the Azzurri's elegant attacking midfielder, wouldn't appear because of an injury to his right foot put them all the more on the side of their fellow Europeans.

And in the early part of the first half the Italians seemed to need all the help they could possibly get. They lost Simeone Francesco Graziani to a broken collarbone after eight minutes, and then, in the middle of the half, Alessandro Altobelli, who had come on as Graziani's substitute, was blatantly fouled in the penalty area. Calciotti took the resultant penalty kick, normally a certain goal, and missed, a lumping offense in the minds of many Italians.

All the early attacks had been by the Germans, and they looked to be mounting the kind of blitz that had won Chile 4-1 in the first round. Rümmeringge, hard-proved, had managed to juggle the ball from right to left foot and then slash it wide. More than once, midfielder Paul Breznicek had come crashing through from within his own half.

Italy pulled back. Girotto, the hard man, started to work on Breznicek as he had on Maradona, and Conti got the first yellow caution card of the evening. The game was slowing down into a midfield slog. At halftime—with no score—it belonged to anybody.

That was no longer so after Pabini's goal made Santiago Bernabeu a blue heaven. Derwall brought on the hailing Hradecsch, but the magic wouldn't occur again without Rümmeringge. The Italians won the midfield. By mid-half they were tapping the ball about insistently just outside the German penalty area, and in the 68th minute the ball came back to Malsbeker Mario Tardelli, hovering at the end of the box. He slammed it home.

That made it 2-0. Rümmeringge was gone and with him, it seemed, Germany's chances. The Italians were passing almost as if to music. "dile" chanted the crowd at every deft move.

At the 81st minute Conti broke in on the left and fed the ball up for Altobelli to get the world-championship insurance goal for Italy. His players bore no resemblance



Though gleeful, Girotto wasn't gentle.

to those who had sweated to tie Peru and Cameroon in the first round a couple of weeks before.

The Germans never surrendered. Seven minutes from the end, Breznicek hit a right-foot shot inside the fat post that made the score a more respectable 3-1. That was what it had been against France, had it not? But while they were defeating the French, General Bear had been defeating them. There was nothing left for them to give.

And there was yet one more affecting moment for Italians to savor before Dino Zoff, their 40-year-old goalie and captain, would receive the World Cup from the King of Spain with special grace. Enzo Bearzot, the Italians' much-abused coach, brought on Franco Caruso as a substitute with just a minute left in the game. Caruso, Italy's faithful, long-serving old soldier, had missed a winner's medal in 1978 but he would get one now.

Later Sunday night, Madrid Plaza Mayor would be named into Rome's Piazza Navona; ablaze with red, white and green banners. "Azzurri Azzurri" that warm posture of Bearzot's will be remembered in Italy long after all the celebratory fairs of vino are long gone. END

They're Playing The Sweet Swing Music Of The 40s

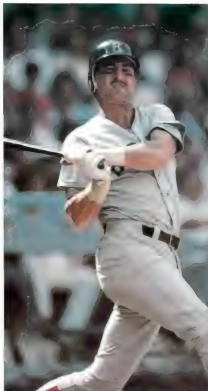
One night last week Pete Rose, 41, and Carl Yastrzemski, 42, were bad boys. They were both thrown out of games for being disrespectful to their respective umpires.

For Yastrzemski, it was his first thumb since 1975, which bodes well for Red Sox fans awaiting another pennant. In the ninth inning of a game against the Texas Rangers that Boston was winning 8-0, Yaz was called out for swinging at and missing a 2-2 pitch. Well, third base Umpire Vic Voltaggio called it a swing when the Rangers made an appeal. Yaz thought he'd checked it, and instead of going directly back to the dugout, he made a loop in the direction of Voltaggio. "I didn't swear at him," said Captain Carl later. "I told him he was doing a lousy job." Yaz winked. "Then I proceeded to show him exactly what a checked swing was."

Rose, normally the model of decorum, lost his cool when rookie Umpire Randy Marsh called him out on strikes in the ninth inning of a close game Rose's Phillies were playing with the Padres. The pitch in question was at least three inches outside, and no doubt was seen as such by the other ump; the members of both teams and the 26,695 fans at Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium. "Strike three," yelled Marsh. "Your bleeping bleep," yelled Rose, thereby earning himself some immediate time off. By his own recollection the ejection was his first since his old team, Cincinnati, was playing at Crosley Field at least a dozen years ago, though Rose cannot recall exactly when and why it last occurred.

Rose's and Yastrzemski's demerits offer clues as to why these otherwise perfect gentlemen are having what would be wonderful years for 22-year-olds at ages when they should be scum or something—certainly anything but driving.

Primarily a designated hitter, Yastrzemski is batting .297 with 11 homers and 45 RBIs.



Boston's Carl Yastrzemski, 42, and Philadelphia's Pete Rose, 41, are still turning out those hit records

by JIM KAPLAN
and STEVE WULF

forces for their teams in hot pennant races. "I don't want to give even one at bat away," said Yastrzemski Sunday afternoon. "I don't want to give away one strike. It doesn't matter if it's 8-0 or 1-0. You've got to have that competitiveness inside. That's the name of the game." Instructed Rightfielder Dwight Evans, a clubhouse neighbor, "Actually, he only wanted to get an early beer . . . I'm just being factions."

At the end of last week the Phillies and Red Sox were in virtual ties for first place in their respective divisions. But apparently Philadelphia was the more virtuous of the two, because it was .001 of a point ahead of the Cardinals in the National League East and Boston was .002 of a point behind the Brewers in the American League East.

Meanwhile, Rose is fighting for another hit title—his eighth—with .96 (and a .287 average) at midseason. He doubled off the Cardinals' John Steyer on June 22 to pass Henry Aaron, take possession of second place on the all-time list (he has 3,772) and enter the home stretch of his race against none and Ty Cobb. Rose expects to pass Cobb's 4,191 hits by the 1984 All-Star Game. He has already equaled Cobb's record of seven hitting streaks of 20 or more games by hitting safely in 21 straight from June 7 through June 27.

The other day, Rose was asked what Cobb's hit record would mean to him. Enthusiastically, he heaved and bawled for a full 20 seconds. Finally he said, "I think the record that will stand forever is Aaron's 355 homers. Cobb's record can be broken by a guy who plays every day, hits from both sides and plays for an offense team. But you take a guy who comes up at 26 and averages 19 homers for 20 years and he'll still be 55 shut."

A bit of undue modesty there. You take a guy who averages 200 hits for 20 years and he'll be 191 short of Cobb. As it



Rose tied records with his seventh 20-plus-game hit streak and ninth five-hit game.

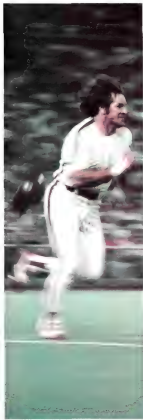
happens, Rose will finish this, his 20th season, with about 3,900.

But Rose won't be content to stop anywhere short of 4,192. He's obsessed by the record, though he tries to deflect discussion of its meaning to him. Consider the matter of his batting second behind Outfielder Bob Dernier, who has the Phillies' rookie stolen-base record, with 35 at the end of last week. The situation suits Rose at bat and forces him to take pitches and hit behind the runner. He doesn't complain openly—"I would only bat first if it helped the team," he says—

but he makes it clear by inference that he'd rather lead off. "My average dropped when Lonnie Smith was moved to leadoff last September," he says.

How much does each hit mean to Rose? Last Friday night he smashed a line drive to left that the Dodgers' Rick Monday badly misplayed. Monday raced back, turned the wrong way and reached up. The ball bounced off the heel of his glove for a clear-cut, two-base error. But Rose wasn't satisfied with the scorer's decision. "Monday wasn't supposed to be," Rose said to reporters after the

continued



Rose is going to surpass Cobb's 4,191.

game. "The ball would have reached the fence on the fly... wouldn't it?"

Nobody knows more about Rose's stats than Rose does, and his memory is legendary. Against Los Angeles on April 28, he called for the ball after his fifth hit of the game, but nobody in Dodger Stadium knew what the occasion was. The Philly broadcasters had to confess their ignorance on the air. It turned out that Rose had just tied Max Carey's National League record for most first-hit games in a career (nine). Cobb, naturally, holds the big league mark of 14.

Breaking Cobb's total hits record will be more fun for Rose than talking about it. He has never known fear and has rarely experienced uncertainty. "I can only have my feelings about making it on how I feel today," he says, "and right now I'd have to say there's a much better chance I'll make it than I won't."

Rose's career will hardly be a waste without it. "I've tried to do two things: be durable and consistent," he says, twirling on the bench a ball four hours before the start of the game. "I hold the record for 600 at-bats seasons (16) and 200-hit seasons (10). To me, that's consistent and durable."

Since 1970 Rose has averaged 111 of nine games, his current streak is 545 straight. "I'm lucky I've never fractured a wrist or anything," he says. "But you can't expect to be 100% all the time. If I took a day off I'd be sluggish. Two years ago I played six weeks with a broken toe by starting open my right shoe. I played two months that same season with a hyperextended elbow I got when a runner hit me coming into first. I thought I broke everything on my left side. I went home and tied it and batted it and tied it and batted it all night. I don't let nobody but the trainer know when I'm hurt, people will use it for their benefit."

Rose watchers were worried when their man missed most of spring training with a pulled back muscle. But, typically, Rose had begun his conditioning regimen two weeks before camp started and was in good enough shape to play Opening Day. A couple of weeks ago he played five games in a grueling 47-hour stretch at Veterans Stadium and took some hard shots at first Met shortstop Ron Gardenhire, bowled him over on one play, but Rose hung on to the ball for the out. Passing Philie Phan, Rose Coach Dave Bristol on the way to the dugout, Gardenhire

called back. "I've just been introduced to Pete Rose."

Consistency? Simplicity is a better word. Rose—Yanivrenski, too, for that matter—almost always looks for the fast ball, though Yar tends to be much more of a pull hitter. "By looking for the fast one I can always adjust to any of the other stuff," says Rose. "I've tried it and I can't be a guess hitter. A few years ago when Gene Mauch was managing the Phillies and I was with the Reds, he told his catcher to tell me what each pitch was going to be. I didn't believe him the first three times up, but the fourth time, I looked for the curve he called and hit it for a double to help win the game. That's the only time I looked for the curve."

In one of his earliest spring trainings Rose was taken aside by Ted Williams, who began speaking about hips, wrists, arms, shoulders. "Mr. Williams," Rose said, "you may be the greatest hitter of all time, but I've always been taught to be comfortable, see the ball and hit it out front. That's what I'm going to do."

When Rose is slumping, he'll do one of four things: move up or back in the box, move closer or farther from the plate. No changes, you'll note, in his swing. The only major adjustment Rose has ever made there was to start choking up a little on the bat in 1978. In the next three seasons his strikeout totals were a lovely 30, 32 and 33.

One night last week some San Diego Padres were kidding Rose about being a singles hitter. "Hey, I got a Rolly-Royce," Rose said. "They pay me big money to set the table for the big boys. I could hit maybe 20 homers a year [he has 156 lifetime], but I'd have to pull the ball, and that's not me. People don't understand that I do try to hit with authority. Some of my happiest memories are of homers—the one off Jim Palmer in the 1970 World Series against the Orioles, Carlisle Hunter in the 1972 Series against the A's, Harry Parker in the 1973 playoffs against the Mets. The eighth on the all-time total-base list, and I'm closing in on a thousand extra-base hits. You have to be aggressive."

And adaptable. Over the years Rose has moved from second to left to right to left to third to first. As a second-place hitter he's often obliged to take pitches that he'd normally swing at. And he's energetic, to put it mildly. Last week he could be seen hitting grounders to in-

folded, taking the lineup card out to home plate, dispensing advice by the hour and talking animatedly to friend and foe. "How you doing, legend?" asked the Dodgers' Mark Belanger. "I can't tell you how much he's helped me," says Demeter. Not for nothing was Rose selected captain of the 1982 National League All-Star team, the 16th time he's made the squad.

Yastrzemski was in Montreal, too. He was named last week to the American League team for the 13th time in his 22-year career, and he didn't make it as a sentimental relic. "I wouldn't go if I didn't think I deserved it," he says.

He certainly deserved it. At week's end he was batting .297, with 11 homers and 45 RBIs, though mostly as a DH, which he doesn't much like, and while playing about three-quarters of the time, which he doesn't like at all.

Last year Yastrzemski batted .246 and was obviously through at the age of 42. People thought Ted Williams was through at 41, when he batted .254. But

TWO LONG-RUNNING HITS

Over their careers, Yaz and Rose have amassed some massive stats that put them high in the all-time rankings.

Yastrzemski (1961-82)		Rose (1963-82)
3,127 (2nd most)	Games	3,022 (2d most)*
11,380 (4th)	At Bats	12,245 (2nd)
3,263 (3rd*)	Hits	3,793 (2nd*)
1,754 (14th*)	Runs	1,960 (5th*)
610 (8th*)	Doubles	688 (4th)
1,106 (11th)	Extra-Base Hits	970 (18th*)
5,362 (7th)	Total Bases	6,201 (8th*)
1,780 (3rd*)	Bases on Balls	1,323 (10th*)

*Earned current rank this season

the next season, 1960, he came back to hit .318, with 29 homers and 72 RBIs. Williams retired after that year, but Yastrzemski has shown no such inclination. In fact, he harbors a dream of playing in the majors with his son Mike, who will be a senior in Florida State next year. The way Rose is going, he may get a chance to play with Patey, age 12.

Rather than bow out gracefully after his dismal '81 performance, Yaz came into this season armed with a new, flatter stance. Much has been made of the stance, which is really a slight modification of the one he had years ago, but Yaz says the real key was something else: "I wish I was paid by the hours I put in. It may look easy to some, but it hasn't been. They're only seeing the finished product. Work. That's the name of the game." He frequently punctuates his answers with that phrase.

Despite a strong finish last year, Yastrzemski started to work on his swing on Oct. 5. "I have a machine at home that flips me the ball so I can hit it into a net. I used it to keep experimenting."

he says. Yaz and Red Sox Batting Coach Walt Hriniak kept right on experimenting until the last week of spring training.

Yastrzemski isn't much for reminiscing about past glories. "Yesterday's game is totally forgotten," he says. "For me it's always 'What are you going to do tomorrow?' The only time I look back is when I review how I've done against certain pitchers."

On Sunday, coming up as a pinch-hitter in the ninth, Yaz guessed fastball on Twin Ron Davis' first pitch. Fastball it was, and he hit a shot that Centerfielder Bobby Mitchell caught. The crowd all but gave Yastrzemski a standing ovation for it. Even at his advanced age, Yaz loves football, and he'll wait all day for one. "Patience," he says, "that's the name of the game."

After Sunday's 7-3 loss, he started getting ready for the trip to the All-Star Game, and teammates kept coming up and wishing him luck. "The secret to All-Star picking is to take as little as possible," he said.

"Get a hit," said Pitcher Bob Stanley.

"Sure, I'd like the three days off, and everybody moans and groans about it. . . ."

"Get a hit," said Second Baseman Jerry Remy.

"... but once you get there, it's a great feeling."

"Good luck," said Evans, "and have fun."

And fun, as Patey and Yaz know, is the name of the game.

Since the 1981 season (left), Yastrzemski has lowered his bat and raised his average.



In a week of stunning races, the real eye-opener was David Moorcroft's world record romp in Oslo's 5,000

by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM



Call It The Moorcroft Massacre

I'd never felt so confident," David Moorcroft would explain later, and so he plunged into the 5,000 meters at the Oslo Games in Norway on July 7, the 29-year-old, modestly accomplished middle-distance runner from Coventry, England surged forth into the race of his life. He sped past the two Kenyans in front of him, Richard Turbot and 5,000-world-record holder Henry Rono, and into the lead and soon had opened up yards and yards of late-evening sunlight between them and himself. "I figured if I make it, great," said Moorcroft. "If not, I'll learn a lesson."

All 6,758 spectators in Bislett Stadium were in a foot-stomping, handclapping

frenzy as they watched in disbelief. Moorcroft, a distant 57th (13:20.51) on the all-time 5,000 list going into the meet, was running at world-record pace. A dazed Ralph King, formerly of the University of North Carolina, who came in second, even mistook Moorcroft for some sort of rabbit. Said King, "I couldn't understand when I crossed the line why the clock had been stopped so early."

Moorcroft's goal had been to run 63-second laps and perhaps—just perhaps—break Brendan Foster's British record of 13:14.6. Challenging Rono's world mark of 13:06.20, set in Kuusviki, Norway last September, was unthinkable. It would be

task enough merely to defeat Rono, who the night before in Stockholm had run a 13:08.97, the third-best ever. But here Moorcroft was turning laps of 61 and 62 seconds and thinking of the world-record runs of countrymen Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett, "which gave me something to aspire to," he said. On his mind, too, were images from *Chariots of Fire*, his favorite movie, whose sound track he had listened to every day for months while driving to his job as a community sports program director. As he entered the final 1,000 meters, with the din of the crowd exhorting him each step of the way, Moorcroft was in a position to do more than admire the grand history of British

track; if he kept up his pace, he could add to it. If he finished under 13:06.20, Moorcroft would hold every major world record from 800 to 5,000 meters, except the steeplechase.

But Moorcroft's legs were starting to hurt. For years he had been bothered by calf problems: The sheaths surrounding his muscles were too small and stiff, and when he ran, they didn't have adequate room to expand. His calves would cramp severely. An operation along open the sheaths corrected the condition last September and allowed Moorcroft his first winter of hard training since 1976 and some disfigured running this season, most notably a 3:49.34 mile, a personal best by five seconds. Still, under the strain of his effort in Oslo, his calves again throbbed. His chest ached too, despite the cool, dry air. So what did he feel as he entered his final 400 meters? "Euphoria," he would say.

Moorcroft's stalling, 59 final lap brought him to the tape in 13:00.42. Second-place finisher King was more than 120 meters behind, and Rono, in fourth, was 35 meters in back of King. The crowd, said Moorcroft, a modest man, had been responsible for his glorious time—"worth two seconds a lap," he insisted. But his personal achievement wasn't so readily brushed off. The 5.78 seconds he had shaved from Rono's record was the greatest reduction in the 5,000 mark since Ron Clarke took 7.6 off Kap Kaimo's mark of 13:24.2 in 1966. Minutes later, when Moorcroft went to a pay phone and called his wife back in Coventry, a clutch of eavesdropping reporters grew irate with his nonchalance.

"How's the wee one?" asked Moorcroft of his 14-month-old son, Paul. A pause. Then, casually, "I led all the way, pretty well."

One of the reporters could stand no more. "It was a massacre," he said. "Tell her!"

Thus had begun what would become a landmark week in track and field, with no fewer than eight world or American

records tied or broken at meets in Oslo, Stockholm, Paris and East Berlin, including mile records by Steve Scott and Mary Decker Tabb, who several years ago almost had her career ruined by a calf condition very similar to Moorcroft's.

Of the record efforts, Moorcroft's was the most unlikely. Essentially a miler until the last two years—he was seventh in the 1,500 at the 1976 Olympics—Moorcroft had made a name for himself in British track circles well before either Coe or Owen came to prominence. But those two upstarts, respectively four and three years younger than he, soon overtook him, and although he won the Commonwealth Games 1,500 in 1978, he inexplicably found it difficult to get an invitation to the 1979 Golden Mile in Oslo, in which Coe broke the world record for the first time. Moorcroft finished ninth in that race. After last week's race, Moorcroft was looking forward to a more esteemed place in British—and international—track and field. And, characteristically, he awaited a more tangible reward: A friend in Maryland had prom-

ised to buy him dinner at a Polynesian restaurant the two once had visited near Silver Spring. If Moorcroft "could go break some world record," Moorcroft's run, surely, was some world record.

"He just went for it all the way," said Scott, who had been watching from the infield. Scott, who had lowered his American mile mark from 3:49.68 to 3:48.53 11 days earlier on the same track, now was intent upon breaking Coe's world record of 3:47.33. He admitted to being so caught up in that particular quest that in his last phone call home to his wife, Kim, in Upland, Calif., he had forgotten to ask for an update on the twists and turns of his favorite soap-opera, *All My Children*. For Scott that's a serious lapse.

He narrowly missed his goal in Oslo with a 3:47.69, the second-fastest mile in history and, of course, another American mark. "The world record is going to go this year," said Scott. "I hope I'll be the one to get it." Likely he will be. He's won 17 of 21 races this year—the most unusual being a downhill mile road race in Auckland, New Zealand, which he won in a perfectly astonishing 3:31.25.

The star of the Paris meet two nights later, however, was that other U.S. miler, Decker Tabb. Deciding at the last minute to run on a freshly resurfaced track in Jean Bouin Stadium, Decker Tabb—who had taken 9.02 off her own American 3,000 record in Oslo with an 8:29.71—ran the mile in 4:18.08 to reduce by 2.81 the world mark held by Lyudmila Vestikova of the Soviet Union.

To put Decker Tabb's mile time in perspective, however, consider that it converts to a 1,500 of only 3:58.98, the women's world record for the 1,500, a more commonly run distance, is 3:52.47. The mile equivalent of that clocking would be 4:11.07.

To put Moorcroft's record in proper perspective, however, one only has to listen to him: "I'm completely wrecked. I must get down to earth as quickly as possible." **END**

In Paris, Decker Tabb cut 2.81 off the women's mile mark.



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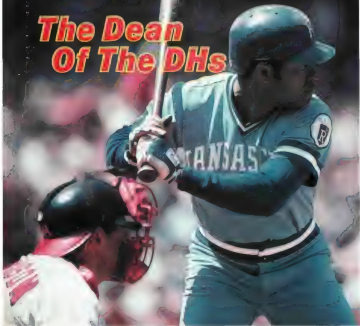
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The Dean Of The DHs



No designated hitter has been as successful for as long as Hal McRae of Kansas City, a full-time star at a part-time position **by RON FIMRITE**

It's an off-day, so Hal McRae is watching the Cubs and Pirates on television at his home in Blue Springs outside Kansas City. "If a game is on, I'm watching it," he says. And watching it, he might have added, not just to pass the time on a muggy Thursday afternoon. No, McRae

watches baseball games on the tube the way Edison must have watched the filament in a light bulb. No subtle alteration in the flow escapes his professional eye. His German shepherd, Duchess, is barking on the porch outside. Two of his three children, Cullen, 9, and Leah, 4,

poise upon him from time to time with assorted urgent requests, and his wife, Johnsyna, punts noisily in the kitchen. But McRae steadfastly watches the Cubs and the Pirates.

"I like to know what a guy can do," he says as the Pirates' good young catcher, Tony Pena, comes to bat. "I think they should pitch Pena differently. He's getting a lot of hits off breaking balls. Oh, will you look at that. Oh-two count and

"Bird [the Cubs' Doug] throws him a slider down and away." Pena reaches out for the pitch and punches a single up the middle to drive in a run. "The ball was a foot outside, but he got it anyway. The other day, Jenkins [the Cubs' Ferguson] threw him the same pitch, and he hit a double down the leftfield line. They should pitch Pena more."

McRae, who turned 36 last Saturday, belongs to that endangered species, Stadium of the Game. Who can say what his teammates on the Royals were doing this day, but it's safe to assume that a fair number of them were seeing their stockbrokers, picknick with their families or checking out the action at the luncheon spas in Kansas City's Country Club Plaza. Indeed, one of the Royals, Fricer Larry Gura, even stopped by McRae's house to ask him to look at an apartment building they are considering buying together. McRae politely refused. He had a baseball game to study. McRae may be the team grand, but the Royals seem to respect him for it. "He's the one who taught us all how to play this game," says Second Baseman Frank White. "I look up to him," says Third Baseman George Brett. "He learned the game from Pete Rose, and I learned it from him."

That's high praise. And yet, McRae is really only half a player. As a full-time designated hitter—O.K., he has played one game in the outfield this year—he's all hit, no field. The DH rule, which went into effect in the American League in 1973, could well have been invented for McRae, one of the original DHs who has become synonymous with the position. Among hitters who have had 1,000 or more at bats as a DH, McRae ranks first in at bats (3,499 through Sunday), hits (1,012), RBIs (523) and runs (481), and second in average (.297) to Jim Rice's (.301) and homers (94) to Willie Horton's (97). Even so, McRae staunchly defends his defense. "I was never the worst outfielder in the ball park," he says, speaking positively of the negative. In fact, as recently as 1975 he played 114 games in the outfield and wasn't once stuffed by a fly ball. But as the injuries—which, in the athletic sense, have cost him an arm and a leg—mounted, it seemed safer to take the glove away from him and just let him

swing his marvelous bat. Since 1978, when a sore rotator cuff finished off his right shoulder, he has played only 14 games in the field. But his bat has been a constant presence.

In '74, '75 and '76, he batted, respectively, .310, .306 and .332. His best overall season to date may have been 1977 when he hit .298, scored 104 runs, drove in 92 and had 54 doubles, 11 triples and 21 homers while playing in all 162 regular-season games, 46 of them in the outfield. But this year he's bidding to make even his biggest seasons seem inconsequential. At the All-Star break, he had driven in a league-leading 79 runs, was batting .315 and was also among the league's top five in hits, total bases, doubles and slugging percentage.

Other hitters marvel that McRae can be so productive playing strictly as a designated hitter. "DHing is one of the toughest roles you can have," says Lee May, a sometime DH and McRae's teammate now and when Hal broke it with the Reds. "But Mac has the mental capacity to concentrate solely on hitting. You'll see him talking to himself in the clubhouse or the dugout, telling himself to stay back or watch his hands. He'll be making little gestures. You'd think he was off his rocker. Before the game, if a guy's loosening up with a few swings in the clubhouse, we have one man keeping an eye out for Mac. He's so involved in his thoughts he's liable to *concur*



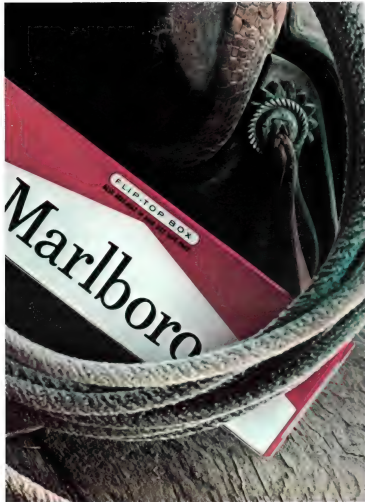
After lunging to get limber in the clubhouse, McRae lugs his lumber out to DH.



A dark, moody photograph of a boat at night. Thick, coiled ropes are in the foreground, partially illuminated. In the background, a boat is visible on the water under a cloudy night sky. A cigarette pack is partially visible on the right side of the image.

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walk right into a swing. And yet, after a game, he's back to normal—one of the mean guys I've ever met in baseball."

McRae is keenly aware of the pitfalls of DH-ing. "It's hard to feel a part of the club," he says. "If you're not hitting, you're like a field-goal kicker who's not making field goals. You can't make up for what you're not doing by contributing in other areas. If you're a DH and tell someone that you've played in every game, he'll look at you kind of funny. And yet a club that has a regular DH is better than one that has somebody playing out there in the field every day who shouldn't be there, somebody you hope they don't hit the ball to. I don't think DH-ing is anything to be ashamed of. Take those guys making two million. How much of that money do you think is for defense? You can always find a guy who can catch the ball. Hitters are hard to come by. That's why you see old guys like me around."

Although he doesn't really need one, McRae says, "I still have a glove and, in my heart, I'm still an outfielder." And he works out regularly with the outfielders, if for no other reason than to stay in shape. His DH routine begins only when the game starts. Physically, it involves doing an elaborate series of stretching ex-

ercises, both in the dugout and in the clubhouse. He'll walk in endless circles, plotting in conversations with himself, his attack on unwitting pitchers. If the mood is upon him, he may also retreat to the clubhouse to talk to equipment manager Al Zych. "I try not to spend too much time in the dugout," he says. "I'll see enough so that I'm in tune with the game. But if you're out there too long, you'll find you're not really watching the game, you're just looking at it. And you'll talk. Guys who don't play have to do something, so they talk about all kinds of things—the attendance, the way a guy wears his uniform, girls in the stands. In time, your mind will wander to things that aren't important. If you're laughing, you're not thinking. And you're just sitting. You get stiff and you're not ready, so I keep moving during a game and try to maintain a sweat. I can 'watch' the game better sometimes by listening in the radio in the clubhouse. I can visualize the situations I'll be facing. If you just sit still, you'd gain five pounds in a week."

McRae may not be the complete ball-player, but he does consider himself a complete offensive player, one who can hit to all fields, advance runners, sacrifice and, preeminently, run the bases. Although he has made some concession to past afflictions and advancing age and no longer runs the bases with reckless abandon, he remains one of the most aggressive base runners of modern times, someone whose name fills middle infielders and catchers with dread. "I've had a few run-ins with him at the plate over the years and I'd rather not talk about him," says Texas Catcher Jim Sundberg.

McRae has also made a brutal science of breaking up double plays, as when he set the tone for a tempestuous 1977 American League playoff series between the Yankees and the Royals. In the sixth inning of the second game, he body-checked New York Second Baseman Willie Randolph and then, while still entangled with Randolph, motioned Freddie Patek to go home from third. Even Yankee Manager Billy Martin, who advocates such stumbling play for his own

charges, was offended by McRae's downfield block. Indeed, not long afterward the rules were altered to prohibit the cross-body method of obliterating infielders. Now pivot men may only be upended by a hard slide, an inhibition that scarcely affects McRae, who's one of the hardest sliders to come down a base path since Ty Cobb. As a result, McRae and Cobb have similar reputations. "Over the years I feel McRae has played dirty," says Seattle Pitcher Glenn Abbott. "But he plays to win, and that's what it's all about."

Remarkably, though, it's McRae himself, not some unsuspecting fielder, who has been the chief victim of his intelligent base running. In 1966, when he was only three years out of Florida A&M and one of the hottest prospects in the Cincinnati chain, his aggressiveness nearly terminated his career during a winter league game in Puerto Rico. He was on third when a ground ball got away from an infielder. "I wanted to take advantage of a mistake," he recalls, "but the ball didn't roll as far as I thought it would. Now it became my mistake. I decided I was going to score anyway by jarring the ball loose from the catcher." The catcher was a compactly built seaman named Hector Valle. He held his ground, and, in the collision, McRae fractured his right leg in four places.

McRae missed all but 17 games of the 1969 season with Indianapolis, and for the next three years in Cincinnati he was little more than a one-legged outfielder who "hopped around out there." He had, in effect, converted himself into a DH before his time had come. Despite his injury, he could still hit. He thought of himself in those days as a pull hitter with home run power, partly because it was the thing to do in Cincinnati then and partly because he hadn't played enough to learn otherwise. "I'd hit eight, nine home runs playing part-time and only against left-handers," he says, "and people kept telling me that if I played every day, I'd hit 25. I believed them, and I could hardly wait to prove them I could."

The Reds gave him the chance by trading him to Kansas City on Dec. 1, 1972. "I came over with the intention of joining the American League up by hitting the ball out of the park," Charley Lau, who was to become McRae's and later Brett's mentor, was the Royals' hating coach then. "Charley told me I could be a

Hot at home with Brian, Johnny, Leah and Cullen.



390 hitter," McRae says. "I already considered myself that, but I was going to hit home runs. As it turned out, I didn't hit anything. I fell on my face."

Actually, he hit .234 with nine homers as a DH and outfielder in 1973, but he had played so far beneath his expectations that he felt lost and despair. "I had gone from feeling great to feeling like nothing," he says. "I was ready to quit. It was then I turned to Charley. I would've gone to anybody and done anything anybody told me at that point. I was so low. There was no longer any sense in doing it any way. Charley and I started from scratch." Lou told McRae he'd be better off using the whole field, rather than just the left side of it, particularly in a ball park like Reynolds Stadium, with an artificial surface and 385-foot power alleys. He had McRae bring his feet closer together, hold his bat less perpendicular to the ground, had him put more weight on his back foot and worked with him on sliding into the ball. That was the mechanical part of it. Looking back, Lou says, "Nobody was more of a student of hitting. Hal took what you told him and tried it."

Lou helped psychologically, too. "Charley became a person I could talk to," McRae says. "Your mind gets warped when you think everybody's against you. Charley said the right things to me. Whether they were true or not didn't matter. I needed it. He turned my career around. I got my confidence back. The mind is a powerful thing. It can work for or against you."

McRae increased his average by 76 percentage points in 1974, and he has never looked back. In 1976 he came within one disputed hit of the batting championship, finishing second to Brett. In the ninth inning of the final game, against Minnesota, Brett got an inside-the-park home run on what most people felt was a routine fly ball that Twins left-fielder Steve Brye didn't try hard enough to catch. Bailing behind Brett, McRae grounded to short and lost the batting title .3333 to .3321. McRae was enraged by what appeared to him to be duplicity on the part of the Twins. Even though Brye insisted that he had misinterpreted defensive instructions and was playing too deep to catch Brett's ball, McRae charged that Brye's less-than-aggressive play was racially motivated because Brett and Brye are white and he is black. There

were also intimations that the Twins wanted revenge on McRae for his take-out plays on the base paths. Whatever, McRae soon let the incident slide. "It never bothered me as much as people thought it did," he says. "Sure, it did at the time, but I was happy to do something I never thought I could do—hit better than .330. And besides, we won the division for the first time." Brett and McRae remain good friends, but Brett, who won a second batting title with his unapproachable .390 in 1980, still thinks of the first one as somewhat tainted. "A bad circumstance," he says, sadly.

McRae's 1982 success represents a comeback of sorts from last year. Unhappy, because he wanted his contract renegotiated, and overweight, he ground through much of the '81 season and hit a miserable .167. In an off-season tour of Japan with the Royals, though, he played with his usual passion on the base paths, shocking Japanese fans by piling into one of their infielders in the opening game of the series. The infielder was carted off the field, and so, of course, was McRae, this time with a twisted left knee. While rehabilitating the injured limb in the winter, he arrived at another positive decision: He would report for this season in excellent shape. He even shaved off his beard, it symbolized to him his past frustrations—"It saved me looking at myself in the mirror every morning," he says. And he took off 20 pounds.

But after an April slump left him at .200, McRae felt it was also time to make technical adjustments. He turned this time to the new K.C. batting coach, Rocky Colangelo, the old slugger, whose thinking about hitting is antithetical to Lou's. Ever the student—McRae also has been known to listen in on dialogues between opposing coaches and hitters—he heeded the lessons of his old mentor, but borrowed freely from those of the new, thus achieving a perfect synthesis. He's sprang the ball Lou-like to all fields, but with Colangelo-ish power. His 14 homers in the first half of this year equal or exceed the number he hit in four of his last six con-

plete seasons. As for the astonishing run-batted-in total, "Well, we call him Mr. Ribbie," says Manager Dick Howser.

Mr. Ribbie sits before the TV set, still resolutely watching the Cubs and Pirates. "The most important thing I can do now is play good baseball," he says, as Pena comes to bat once more. "I'll most likely go the free-agent route when my contract expires after this season to see what it's all about. The next contract, after all, will be my last." Pena steps up to the plate. McRae's eyes are upon him. "I have a son, Brian, who'll be going to college in about three years. I have to think about



McRae sent Randolph flying in the 1977 playoffs.

my family. I know what that is, because I was one of 10 kids in our family growing up in Florida. . . . Look, they're throwing Pena breaking stuff again." Pena hits a line drive to left that rolls to the wall. He veers around second base and slides safely into third with a triple. "Damn," says McRae, "he can run, too." As Pena darts himself off, McRae shakes his head and says, "I always wondered what I might have done on two good legs." Pitchers would argue, however, that he has done quite enough already. ■

A Strange And Fairly Disgusting Fish Story



The first thought to strike one—and it turns out to be monstrously unfair—is: Hey, this must be where all those English soccer hooligans go when there's no game, no steamboats to smash, no foreign fans to beat up.

It's 7 a.m. in Scunthorpe, a large town a few miles south of the vast shipyards of Hull on England's North Sea coast. Milling about in the bright sunlight on the grounds of Quibell Park, a pretty little stadium, is a crowd maybe 2,000 strong. If one looks hard, one can pick out a few men in their 50s wearing blazers and carrying clipboards, but the great majority is younger and affects studded leather belts, lank hair worn long, and meticulously filthy jeans. They appear to be the rabble one might run into—and maybe away from—at Wembley or Indy or on the infield at Churchill Downs on Derby Day.

The point of match angling, the English workingman's passion, is to catch, by means of a tremendous rod, tiny hook and appalling bait, lots of little fish very fast—and beat the bookie **by CLIVE GAMMON**

the kind that give the distinct impression they're looking for something to molest, stab or burn down.

But what these lads have very variously on their minds is going fishing. At least that's what the 960 of them who constitute the 80 teams of a dozen anglers each (the other 1,000 or so chaps are spectators) are concentrating on as they prepare to compete for the 1991 National Championship of England, a title that in one form or another has been awarded annually, except in wartime, since 1903.

To an American angler, the style in which these Englishmen will fish, the equipment and baits they will use, in fact

almost every aspect of the day's fishing, would be as alien as cricket would be to a Little Leaguer. Yet cricket, a sport molded by the English upper classes, draws in some ways an apt analogy, because match angling, as this sort of fishing is called, is strictly working-class. It was originated by the men who toiled in the ironworks of the Industrial Revolution, who flooded in from the countryside to labor in the dark Satanic mills of Manchester and Sheffield and to live packed into grim tenements of tiny houses.

With the advent of the railroad in the mid-19th century, such laborers found a degree of liberation. On weekends they

could buy cheap excursion tickets back to the countryside and fish. The polluted streams of the North and the West Country, where the laborers' ancestors might have cast, were now reserved for their "betters," because in those streams swam the game fish, the salmon and trout. But relatively close to the great industrial cities, fishing of a kind was available. There in the sluggish, already polluted rivers of the middle of England, were what the press contemptuously labeled "coarse."



A matchman's rod can cost \$1,600 and extend 30 feet, but at the end of his line is a minuscule hook to land tiny fish such as the palm-size trophy held by Dickie Carr.

fish—small, shrew species, for the most part inedible.

So match angling was born. If the fish were nothing to write home about, why not make a competition of it, have a bit of a gamble? Skittles, after all, as it were. The anglers would dig up a riverbank into short sections, called beats, marked by numbered stakes, and then draw lots to decide who fished where.

At first it was a rough-and-ready pastime. In 1953 I.W. Martin, a noted angler, wrote snuffily of a competition held in 1918: "This particular match had only about fifty contestants—but they must have been selected from the very lowest of the Sheffield dregs . . . the very lowest of the low graders, men whose every word was an oath, men who exchanged compliments so painful and free that I should have thought would have blistered the tongues that uttered them. These men consumed more beer and tobacco than was paid for them, and in short conducted themselves in such a manner that any respectable angler who was looking on felt ashamed . . . Every now and then one of the competitors would yell at the top of his voice to another fifty yards away to inquire in language more forcible than polite if he had 'copped one yet,' and that one would reply in still more forcible terms, 'Aye!'"

Match angling has come a long way since, spreading right through Europe, including the Eastern bloc countries, but the sport is still resolutely working-class in England as elsewhere. Archie Hunter would definitely be into the sport, though a little past his prime now. British environmentalists have been ecstatic since the Atlantic salmon started to make a comeback in rivers like the Thames about six years ago, but matchmen, as these fishermen call themselves, have been conspicuously unmoved over the news.

Nothing, short of a groundwater slump, could be less like a salmon river than the body of water where the 1981 National Championship match was to be fished: a 10-mile-long canalized section of the Ancholme, a narrow, almost featureless waterway which is, therefore, ideal for match angling, the aim of the sport being to give every competitor an equal chance to catch fish.

But the Ancholme has a drawback. Flowing as it are beams, some of them grotesquely large by matchmen's standards, three-, even four-pounders. They aren't there in great numbers, but a few anglers are undoubtedly going to draw positions where they will catch one or two, thereby turning the whole damn thing into a lottery. It seemed that luck, not skill, would prevail this day.

continued



And even though on this vain morning at Quidell Park there was a real lottery, on the National Championship, with a first prize of £2,000 (about \$3,700) available, most everybody would rather employ his wits and back his favorite with Billy Knott Jr., the Angler's Own Rookie. Even before the draw for boats is made and the star anglers' positions are known, Knott is shouting the odds on crack teams like the Barnsley Blacks.

"Should've got in when Pete did," mutters a disgruntled better with intermittent rations emblazoned on the back of his jacket. "Pete got 10s. Now it's gone down to bleedin' 3 to 1. Three to one in a field of 80 bloody runners? That ain't no bloody bet."



At the National Championship, Marks had a slingshot for casting, pegs for relaxing, and there were lots of fans for support.

Scunthorpe is a steel town, strangely hot in the present recession with a 25% unemployment rate. Yet one tries to fight to give his money to Knott. He has brought along two assistants to count the notes that are filling up deep plastic tubs. He also has employed Dennis the Minder, a heavy gentleman with the look of an ex-pug, who never strays more than a foot away from the tubs. A plunger elbows through the knot of bottoms and slips £1,200 down at 100 to 1 on the unfavored team from Derby. Knott takes the bet at those odds, but he quickly turns, consults his blackboard and revises the odds on Derby to 25 to 1. The Angler's Own Rookie will take bets on indi-

vidual fishermen as well as on teams, but there are too many to post. One has to accept a whipsnotted quotation.

The draw is at 8 a.m. The Anchoine has been divided up into 12 lengths labeled A through M, and each length has within it 80 boats, marked off by numbered stakes some 45 feet apart. When the Burnley captain steps up and draws No. 35, it means that one of his men will fish at Section A, Stake 35, the next at B-35, and so on up the river. Thus each angler is far enough from his nearest teammates so that, in accordance with the rules, no communication is possible.

After the draw there's a glacial Le Mans start. Boats have been chartered to take the contestants and their equipment as close to their stakes as possible, and one after another they lumber off. The match itself won't start until 11 a.m., but every moment of that will be needed for the competitors to get their equipment properly set up.

Among the match anglers' gear are things most fishermen are acquainted with, like rods, but there also are waggles, sticks, bombs, feeders, microtuned keep nets, slingshots and, of course, plentiful supplies of cloud bait, worms, gizzers, jokers and bloodworms, the last having nothing to do with the marine worm that is commonly used as saltwater bait in the U.S. Rather, bloodworms are the larvae of the trout.

The sheer bulk of a matchman's equipment is daunting. Most of it is carried in what looks like a small steamer trunk and in a rack holding as many as seven or eight rods. Altogether, the weight of a properly outfitted angler's tackle is rarely less than 40 pounds, but the matchman's caddy is a figure who has yet to evolve.

Nor has anyone ever worked out with precision just how much match angling costs. It's safe to say, however, leaving boats out of it, that the investment is rather more to set oneself up as a perfectly equipped matchman than as a marlin fisherman. No marlin fisherman, for instance, has to pay £900 for his rod. Just one of his armory of rods, that is. Matchmen do.

Opening day of the match season is June 16, and on its eve, one of the extraordinary sights of the London year is at Don Nesh's Tackle Shop in Edmonton, in the north-eastern part of the city. A line of matchmen stretches way down the block, the anglers waiting patiently to

continued

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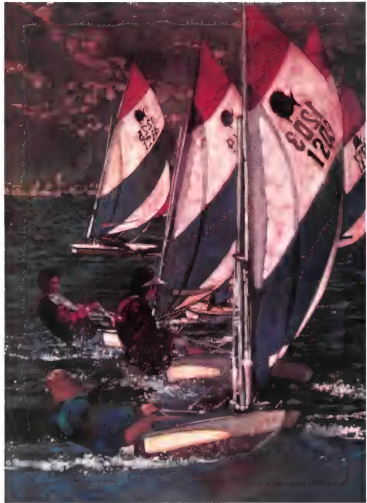
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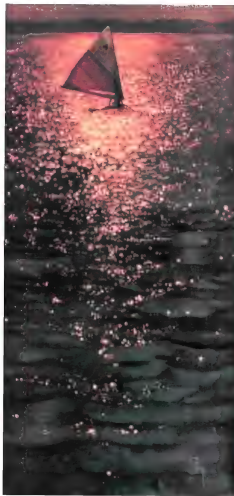
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make bulk purchases of gaffers, jokers, squatts and the like (patience, all will be made clear soon). It's not the sort of day on which to inspect Nerd's stock of rods, although if he has a second he may recount to you the legend of the first high-priced Japanese graphite match-fishing pole that he placed on display.

That was six years ago, and the price then was a mere £800. Nerd didn't expect to sell it—"Cosh more than me bleedin' motorbike!" was a typical remark of his clientele—but it brought people into the shop. The problem was that they all wanted to hold the rod.

In a flash Nerd saw a way to cash in on the rod. He announced, "Ten pence a hold," which was not quite as outrageous

as Marsh in Kent. His fire was a 2.5-pound-test sweep, his hook a No. 26, which is about the size of this ("I"), and he was catching fish whose average weight was a half-ounce. He had no reel, the 33 feet of graphite making it unnecessary to cast, and he was using a "wobbler," a type of bobber, of which a moderately well-equipped matchman will have 60 to 70. This one was shiver of balsa wood, of which perhaps only a sixteenth of an inch floated above the water's surface. Carr's movements were close to automatic. First he threw out a tiny ball of finely ground cereal that contained a sample of two sorts of hookbait, squatts and pinfish (I swear an explanation is coming in a minute). Occasionally, when he needed



A properly outfitted matchman's box contains a considerable array of lures. In tackle shops the offerings of bobbers and rods can be dazzlingly extensive—and expensive.

as it may sound because each time the rod was held, Nerd reduced its price by 10p. Roughly 500 holds later, Nerd sold it for £800.

To understand why a matchman pays as much as £900 for a rod, one must understand that match fishing involves catching very small fish at very high speed. And also that a lot of money may be on the line, so to speak.

The now-standard graphite match rod is 33 feet long when fully extended—the better to fish far from one's stake—and on the Sunday before the National Championship just such a rod was used to excellent effect by Dickie Carr, a 35-year-old truck driver from north London, on a canal in the sheeppastures of Rom-

ney Marsh in Kent. His fire was a 2.5-pound-test sweep, his hook a No. 26, which is about the size of this ("I"), and he was catching fish whose average weight was a half-ounce. He had no reel, the 33 feet of graphite making it unnecessary to cast, and he was using a "wobbler," a type of bobber, of which a moderately well-equipped matchman will have 60 to 70. This one was shiver of balsa wood, of which perhaps only a sixteenth of an inch floated above the water's surface. Carr's movements were close to automatic. First he threw out a tiny ball of finely ground cereal that contained a sample of two sorts of hookbait, squatts and pinfish (I swear an explanation is coming in a minute). Occasionally, when he needed



continued

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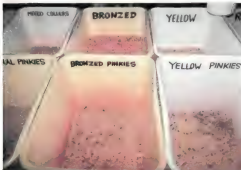
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GENERAL ELECTRIC



Maggots—even in a variety of colors—are an unappealing subject for everyone but matchmen and fish, as is a revolting chunk ball made with cereal and bloodworms.

and alive. It only has to have flies on. I've dragged my keep net through the woods in some places and got 14 little fish that I would be happy to have swimming around in my keep net at some matches."

Match fishing, like any professional sport, also has its star system. It can be as difficult to get a phone call through to a minor angler like Ivan Marks of the Barnsley Blades as to a star quarterback, and sometimes when he fishes at a match, Marks, 44, has a gallery that many a golf pro would envy.

"What will happen on Saturday," said Marks, a week before the National Championship, "is that the Barnsley lads will guard me like I was God. They'll struggle my tackle separately onto the bus. I won't have a name on my jacket, nothing, because if the fans know where I am, if I get a couple of hundred people watching me, then I can't control them. And they cause vibrations. There might be just one fish around my stake, and that fish will get the vibrations and he'll be gone."

One tiny fish can be that important because under the scoring system, the angler who has the top weight in a section gets a point for everyone he beats. The second highest gets the same score minus one, and so on down to zero. But if one catches no fish, one gets no points, so if you have a half-ounce fish and 30 anglers in your section get nothing, that lone minnow is worth 31 points toward your team's total.

There was an extraordinary example of that, Marks related, in 1972, when he was a member of the Leicester team. Leicester won the National that year simply because in a particularly bad section the Leicester man caught a quarter-ounce fish and collected 40 points for it.

The whole sport of match angling seems cold, technical and money-obsessed at times. Marks himself will tell you that he gets no thrill from ordinary fishing—which matchmen call, with contempt, pleasure fishing—"unless they pay me, too, for the TV. If I just happen to be out with a friend, a good friend I laugh and joke with, then I've got to fish him for something—a cup of tea; a stick of chewing gum, a cigarette. And then I become a nasty enemy. I have to win. I have to say, 'I am the best today.'"

Even so, Marks confesses that as a member of that winning Leicester team he was crying like the others when they went up to get their trophy in front of 6,000 or 7,000 fans. "I'll tell you," he said suddenly, "are there places in the States where you could catch four or five fish a minute? I wonder if there's anyone who'd take me on there. On my own terms, of course."

He'd become intrigued by the fact that his business partner and erstwhile Leicester teammate, Ray Marlow, had recently been on a fishing trip to Key West, where the charter-boat captain had told him it would take an hour to get the pis-

continued

fish they needed as bait for amberjack fishing. "Give me 10 minutes," Marlow had said, producing his match-arming gun, which he's never without. And, lo, the bait well had been filled with pinfish in just that time.

On the same trip, Marlow also organized evening matches—a Florida first, no doubt—outside his motel to catch mangrove snapper, sophisticated ones that ignored the locals' heavy gun. "Two-pound-test and a 14 hook," Marlow said proudly. "and I mangled those Yanks."

On the Anchorage, on the day of the National, Marlow's luck doesn't hold, with 555 ounces of fish at least he isn't dry-netted, as are many others who fish under the blaring sun. Afterward, some of the anglers would describe how, as they walked upriver to their respective stakes, they could see a mass of brown, stolid, indifferent, moving ahead of them all the time. Spectators could stand on one of the bridges over the Anchorage and see the water black with fish, but under the rules of the National, no stakes are placed within 50 yards of a bridge.

The pattern is as expected. Most anglers catch very little. A few of them find the bounty—the slabs, the drops, as anglers call them—unimpressive, fighters but good enough to win the individual championship for David Steer from Surrey, who weighs in with 21½ pounds, and for the team championship to go to Essexes, which finished up on Krom's board at 29 to 1. Unhappily, Essex failed to bet on itself, although Steer, a bit more self-confident, did so, and collects £3,000 from the bookies.

The Buttery Blacks end up 18th. Marks, loping disconsolately back to the bus, caught precisely a quarter of an ounce of fish. "Ah, then I put me tackle on the wrong bus," he says.

Only a bit less dismayed is Larry Davis, who landed a total catch of one ounce in the same section as Marks, but who was disappointed for leaving his stake—to pick up litter, he claims. "I thought Hitler died in 1945," Davis says bitterly, "but I see he's a steward in C Section."

By now, though, the beer tent is open, the atmosphere relaxed. "If anybody's lost his wallet, it's lying on the bar," crackles the P.A. system. Any body of men who can be as homesick as that can't be all that bad.

END

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The squeeze, as Gomez calls it, is the one play that requires an oral signal. Hundreds of other signs are flashed every inning. The manager signals the third-base coach. The third-base coach alerts the batter and any base runners. At the same time, the catcher asks for a pitch with a sign, the second baseman and the shortstop pick up the catcher's signs and relay them to the other fielders. All this is accompanied by espionage and counter-espionage as complicated as that in a John Le Carré novel.

Gomez, 58, is the master of this arcane trade. Players praise him as a daring and aggressive coach with excellent judgment and a remarkable knowledge of the capabilities of base runners and the shortcomings of the opposition. Angel Rightfielder Reggie Jackson calls him "the best third-base coach I've ever seen."

Certainly he's the most inventive. Whereas most coaches get by with one standard set of signs, Gomez has a separate set for every batter and base runner.

Left-hand-on-right-elbow could be Gomez' bunt sign for Foli but a take sign for Lynn.

by Franz Lidz

as possible," says Gomez. "You have to know your players—which ones are quick, which ones are likely to have doubts about the sign you've just given them. I ask my players daily if they know their signs. Some need more time, so I keep flashing the sign over and over."

Gomez even tailors signs to individual players. As third base coach for the Dodgers in the '60s, he gave the take sign to playboy Outfielder Al Ferrara by covering his crotch. Gomez also devised a special steal sign for Maury Wills the year he stole 108 bases. "Preston and I had a different sign on every pitch while I was on base," says Wills. "We rotated around the face, the left ear might have meant go on the second pitch, the chin the third, the nose the fourth. We went an entire season without either of us getting mixed up."

The infinite variety of Gomez' signs makes it practically impossible for opponents to intercept them. Kansas City Third Base Coach Joe Nemeo, a noted sign stealer, says Gomez' system is virtu-

The best signs of the times

Angel Coach Preston Gomez is the master at sending and stealing signals

It's the bottom of the seventh, Tim Foli of the California Angels is at bat. Fred Lynn is leading off third, and Anaheim Stadium is still except for Preston Gomez, who's carrying on like a demented parrot in the third-base coaching box. Gomez flaps his arms, taps at his nose, scratches his chest and squawks at Kansas City Third Baseman George Brett. "That Brett's a helluva biter," Gomez yells. Brett pays Gomez no mind, and seemingly neither does Lynn. On the next pitch, Foli bums, and Lynn scores. The Angels have just pulled off their seventh straight suicide squeeze of the season. And without realizing it, the Royals have been duped by the wildest sign manipulator in the game. "Nothing I did out there meant anything until I said 'Brett,'" says Gomez.

When the bases are loaded, he emits more signals than a communications satellite. But hidden among these gestures, and the odd shout, are four basic messages: take, steal, hit-and-run and bunt.

Over the years coaches have devised all kinds of elaborate systems. They use decoys. They dance, jiggle and jerk in the coaching box. They practice psychological warfare. Sometimes they delude themselves with their own intricacy. "You can tell if a coach's signals are too complicated when a batter steps out of the box and his eyes are turning around like roulette wheels," says Gomez. "Then he and the coach get together for a little conference." When Gomez sees that happen—from the Angels' dugout—he has been known to shout, "Send him a telegram!"

"The key is to make the signs as simple

ally impenetrable. "It makes you want to quit before you start," he says.

Gomez runs his system as if he were director of the CIA. "Tim Foli knows only his own signs," Gomez says. "Foli doesn't know Rod Carew's sign." In fact, Foli was on third one game last month watching Gomez perform his sign ritual for Bobby Grich on first. "Hey, Preston," Foli whispered, "you just gave me steal sign. Is he going to take off?" "Don't worry," Gomez replied. "That sign doesn't mean anything to him."

Because Gomez has so many different sets, his players can't take his system to another team, if they are traded. Gomez also flashes decoys all the time. "He might give me my hit-and-run or steal sign with anybody on," says Foli. As manager of the Padres, Gomez once rounded

continued

his signs through the team trainer, who wiggled them to the third base coach by crossing and uncrossing his legs.

Occasionally Gomez's deceptions aren't deceptions at all. One day while with the Dodgers he walked toward the plate. "Squeeze on the second pitch," Gomez told batter Nate Oliver loud enough for San Francisco Catcher Dick Dietz to hear. The Giant infield stayed deep, Oliver squeezed on the second pitch, and the run scored. "I guess Dietz thought I was kidding," says Gomez.

A native of Cuba, Gomez was brought to the U.S. by the Washington Senators in 1944, when major league rosters were depleted because of World War II. A shortstop, he appeared in only eight games. He spent the next 20 years in the minors. 10 as a player and 10 as a manager, and became a Dodger coach in 1965. In 1969 he was named the first manager of the Padres, but was fired in 1972. He managed the Astros in 1973, '74 and '75 and the Cubs in 1980, but his teams never finished higher than fourth.

As a coach, Gomez has an international following. Shigeru Makino, the third-base coach for the Tokyo Giants, has taken lessons from him. Makino, who considers himself a disciple of "Gomez-san," has invented 2,000 signs of his own. Security-conscious Japanese teams sometimes change whole systems every three innings.

Gomez also has mentors, who helped instill in him a kind of Zen and the Art of Signage. "I spent a lot of time talking to men like Charlie Dressen, Frank Crosetti and Walt Alston," he says. "They told me about the importance of not thinking in the coach's box, of being blank. You're a funnel between the manager and the player."

Sometimes the signs Gomez gives aren't his own. Earlier this year, Seattle Manager Rube Lachemann watched the Angels thwart one base running strategy after another before he finally figured out that Gomez was stealing his signals and relaying them to the Angels. Lachemann was using a system Gomez had taught him in the Venezuelan League four years earlier. At that time, Gomez was the manager and Lachemann a coach.

But Lachemann shouldn't feel too bad. It happens to everybody. Gomez analyzes sign languages as closely as a scholar ponders Pinnagaro Wade. And he claims that after scrutinizing a hurler's delivery for an inning or two, he can call

the next pitch. "Preston is very unassuming," says California Manager Gene Mauch. "He finds ways to beat you very quietly."

Gomez says he steals signs whenever he can find them. He's so unimposing that opposing managers sometimes conceal themselves in the dugout to escape his detection. "But 99% of the time, it's the base runner who gives away signs," says Gomez. A runner can inadvertently telegraph the sign by leaning or shuffling his feet. "The best player to have is a good acrobat," he says. "He'll always act the same way regardless of the sign."

Many coaches consider it improper to ask players acquired through trades to divulge their previous team's signs. Gomez, however, interrogates a new arrival if the player looks smart enough to read signs without moving his lips. "Some of these guys don't even know what city they're in," he says. But then Gomez probably has a sign for that, too.

THE WEEK

(July 3-11)

by **HERM WEISKOPF**

NL WEST Seeking a few shuckles and the anguish caused by the decline and fall of the Reds (2-6), The Cincinnati Enquirer announced a contest to guess the date the team will be eliminated from the division race. First prize is one ticket to Cincinnati's final home game; second prize is four tickets. Not only did the Reds lose, but they lost with flair as well. A six-run ninth put Cincy ahead 8-4 in Pittsburgh, but by the end of the inning, the Pirates had won 9-8. Then came successive 12-0 and 1-0 humiliations in Chicago that left the Reds with the worst record in the league. Bruce Berens pitched well enough to win the latter game, only to be done in by vintage hanging. Despite a pinchout, Leon Durham of the Cubs stole second and scooted to third when Catcher Alex Trevino's throw sailed into center. Durham scored when Centerfielder Cesar Cedeno and Rightfielder Duane Walker let an easy fly ball drop between them for a double. There was one moment of ecstasy: a first-inning ninth that beat the Phillies 6-3. Wayne Krier chucked his three-run homer in that inning as Cincinnati ended its longest losing streak—nine games—in 16 years.

The Padres (6-2) enjoyed happier times. They stole 18 bases in 20 tries, with Gene Keady leading the way with five thefts. Even Terry Kennedy stole a base, his first in

203 games in the bigs. San Diego's bullpen got two wins and two saves. Strikeballer Luis Leon had three of the saves. Against the Expos, Padre batters cranked a 6-0 deficit in the fourth on home to an 8-6 victory. Then San Diego had three straight 5-3 wins, two in Philadelphia, one in New York. Padre lefty Tom Laiter, who hit his third homer of the season while beating the Mets 6-2 for his 10th victory against two losers, was derailed about mid-pitching the All-Star team, as was Reliever Gene Garber of the from-running Braves (3-6). Garber picked up his 15th and 16th saves, while winning his ERA to 3.36. Bob Horner hit his seventh home run in 25 at bats over an eight-game span. Atlanta's 6-4 defeat of Pittsburgh was the 24th time the Braves had come from behind to win so far this year.

"The chase is on. We're in the hunt and they'll be hearing our footsteps before the race is over." That was the confident opinion of Manager Tom Lavonia of the Dodgers (4-3). Dave Stenham stepped up the pursuit by winning both as a starter (one run in six innings in a 4-3 defeat of the Mets) and as a reliever (three scoreless innings in Philly) game from a 5-4 victory. Ron Holifield, who was in a 2-6-30 slump, beat the Phillies with a two-run double in the 10th as the Dodgers won for only the second time in 38 games in which they trailed after six innings.

The Giants (5-2) weren't exactly stomping at the back of the Braves, but they did leave some leg footprints. Though Bill Lantry gave up eight hits and five walks, he stranded 12 runners and won 3-1 before the largest regular-season crowd—63,500—ever to see the Phillies play at home. Another rookie, Chris Davis, batted .387, and Greg Merson gained his 10th, 10th and 15th saves.

Lusty hitting by Jose Cruz earned Joe Niekro of the Astros (4-3) a pair of victories. Cruz's three RBIs did in Pittsburgh 6-4, and his two-run blast in the ninth beat St. Louis 4-2—both on Niekro's behalf.

APL 5/1-32 93 56-36 LA 46-42

BF 42-48 HOU 37-48 CIN 33-53

NL EAST

"Can I find a bright spot?" asked Manager George Bamberger after his Mets (2-4) lost for the 13th time in 17 games. "No. Each day it's something worse." Following those more losses, though, New York beat San Diego 6-3 and 9-7 as Dave Kagan homered twice.

St. Louis (4-3) regained first place briefly as rookie starters John Stuper and Dave LaPoint both won. Stuper beat Atlanta 5-2, and LaPoint defeated Houston 3-2. With Bruce Sutter out with a strained right shoulder, Doug Blair became the team's No. 1 short reliever and responded with a pair of saves. But that helped the Phillies (3-4) move back on top with two game-winning hits. Duff's eighth-inning single beat the Giants 3-2. He then made

Dick Ruthven a 4-2 winner over L.A., with a three-run homer.

Pittsburgh (14-3) moved into third place as Larry McWilliams came out. Houston 1-0 and Don Robinson beat Atlanta 6-1 for his 10th win. The Pirates rallied in the late of the ninth to defeat the Reds 9-8 behind Willie Stargell's two-run pinch homer and Jason Thompson's three-run double.

The Expos (15-4) outscored their opponents 18-7 through the first five innings of six of their games but were outscored 19-1 in the final four innings. Ferguson Jenkins of the Cubs (15-3) cut his ERA to 3.87 by defeating the Reds 12-0, and Dickie Noles's four-hitter beat Cincy 1-0.

PHIL 47-38 STL 46-39 PIT 44-40
MON 43-42 NY 40-47 CH 36-53

BALL PARK FIGURES

According to the Elias Sports Bureau, the following pitchers are allowing the fewest base runners—on hits, walks, hit batters—per nine innings:

AMERICAN LEAGUE	
1. Dennis Eckersley, Bos.	10.60
2. Lee Barker, Clev.	10.48
3. LaMarr Hoyt, Chi.	10.53
4. Ken Forsch, Cal.	10.71
5. Geoff Zahn, Cal.	10.77

NATIONAL LEAGUE	
1. Tompison Anderson, St. L.	9.14
2. Mario Soto, Cin.	9.15
3. Charlie Lea, Mont.	9.91
4. Don Sutton, Hou.	10.03
5. Joe Niekro, Hou.	10.08

AL EAST "I'll never like another victory as much as the way I used to," said Manager Sparky Anderson of Detroit (14-6). "After what we've been through, I'll treasure them all." What the Tigers went through last week included losses in two games in which they had the lead in the bottom of the ninth. Home runs were responsible for both those defeats. Since June 11, Detroit has given up 45 home runs while losing 23 of 31 games and falling from first place to fourth. Two home runs by Lance Parrish helped Jack Morris struggle past Minnesota 31-6. Morris, who had a 13.09 ERA in his last six starts, got back in the groove by defeating Texas 6-0.

Opponents no longer shy away from starting southpaw pitchers in Fenway Park. Doing so now usually forces the Red Sox (14-4) to bench Carl Yastrzemski, Rick Miller and Rich Gedman, each of whom has left-handed. It also crimps Jerry Remy, a lefty batter with a .225 career average against southpaws. One unfettered left-handed batter has been rookie Wade Boggs, who hit better than .300 in five consecutive seasons at the minors. Last week Boggs hit .385 to lift his average to .351.

Although they stopped knocking the stitches off the ball, the Brewers (14-2) dug in on their heels. They had 15 hits in a 10-4 defeat of Chicago and 19 in Randy Lerch's 7-0 victory over K.C. For the week, Ron Yount slugged three home runs and hit .425, and Ted Stepien hit .400 with two dingers to help put Milwaukee in first.

Overworked Reliever Tippy Martinez of the Orioles (14-3) found that his weakness spawned an effective new pitch, a sun of thorns curve. "About halfway to the plate, it seemed to just give up and then it would break again," said Martinez. Using this deceptive pitch, Martinez struck out the three Angels he faced in picking up two saves.

Home runs brought the Yankees (12-5) their only victories. Bobby Murcer's 12th-inning homer, New York's fourth of the night, lifted the Yanks to an 8-7 win at Seattle. The next night, Dave Winfield scored a three-run

homer against the A's for the third time this season as New York won 5-3.

Dan Spillner's two saves and Rick Sutcliffe's 7-1 triumph in Seattle gave Cleveland 10-31 a boost. Toronto (12-6) was rescued by relievers. Dale Murray coming out of the bullpen to earn two wins and Joey McLaughlin getting two saves.

WIL 46-35 BOS 40-36 BAL 44-38 DET 42-47
CLE 41-41 NY 36-42 TOR 37-47

AL WEST When Manager Rene Lacheman of the Mariners (14-4) returned to his hotel suite in Chicago one night two weeks ago he found that someone—he called him "Mr. Jell-O"—had been there. Mr. Jell-O had knapped all the furniture into a corner, pulled all the plugs from the sockets, removed the studs of the phone and put pins of Jell-O and ice cubes in the toilets. "They were thorough," said Lacheman, who thought Mr. Jell-O might have had a helper. He offered a \$250 reward for clues leading to the vandal's identity. Bill (The Inspector) Casdell was unable to solve that mystery, so, as well as the one about why he wasn't named to the All-Star squad, Casdell's two saves gave him a team-record 17, and an 8-7 victory over Baltimore left him at 8-3. That effort, which included his striking out the side in the ninth, gave Casdell a total of 74 wins and saves, one fewer than major league leader Dan Quisenberry of the Royals. Other Casdell stats: 86 strikeouts in 50 innings, a 2.99 ERA, and the highest save percentage—17 saves in 18 chances for 94%—in either league. Bruce Reichen's .400 hitting and five saves, such by Bobby Brown and Adie Chau kept Seattle sailing.

Fred Lynn and Ringer Jackson powered the Angels 14-10 into first with four home runs apiece. Jackson homered twice in a 12-0 defeat of New York, a bare-empty first-in-

ning blast off Ron Gaudy and a two-run shot off George Frazier during a 10-run third. And Geoff Zahn continued to buffet the Yankees with a 4-1, two-hit win that left him at 3-0 this season against the defunct Bombers.

Larry Gura of Kansas City (12-5) continued to excel against Toronto. By mopping the Blue Jays 3-1 on four hits, Gura improved his career record against them to 10-0 and a 2.25 ERA. John Wathan became the 10th Royal to go on the disabled list when a final off his bat fractured his left ankle, putting him out of commission for at least six weeks.

Steve Carter of Texas (10-5) sustained a similar injury, but not in the line of duty. While walking from the bullpen to the clubhouse at Arlington Stadium after a game, he stepped on a water drum. The result, a hair-line fracture of his right foot. Larry Parrish walked off his second and third grand slams in seven days to equal the major league mark Lou Gehrig and Tom Northrup hit three grand slams in a week in 1931 and 1968, respectively.

Game-winning, ninth-inning homers by Buddy Bell and Lee Mazzilli stanned the Tigers. Bell's two-run shot gave the Rangers a 3-2 win; Mazzilli's made them 6-5 victors.

Home runs by Chicago (14-2) added to Detroit's woes. Jerry Harrison's two-out, two-run shot in the bottom of the ninth beat the Tigers 3-2, and Harold Baines had three homers in a 7-0 White Sox triumph in which Dennis Lamp turned out the Detroit hitters' lights with a five-hitter.

Oakland (14-3) defeated Cleveland 2-0 and Baltimore 3-1. In both games, Reliever Dave Beard came on in the eighth inning to secure victory for Tom Underwood. Tony Armas' slide of four homers in six many games helped Mike Norris beat the Yankees 6-3. The se-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

HAROLD BAINES The White Sox outfielder hit the home run (three in one game), drove across 14 runs, batted .300 and stole a pair of bases. Two of his home runs came while the bases were loaded.

only was Billy Martin's 100th as a manager. Only 33 other managers have ever won that many games.

The two-place Twins (15-2) played major league baseball for a change, combining good pitching with solid hitting. Kent Hrbek, who batted .438, had four hits in a 3-0 defeat of Milwaukee. In that game starter Jack O'Connor and Reliever Ron Davis, who appeared in the eighth inning, combined to hand the Brewers their first shutout in 137 games. Minnesota then took two of three in Boston, with rookie lefthander Frank Viola beating the Red Sox 4-1 to move his record to 3-0.

CAL 48-37 KC 47-37 CH 48-37 SEA 45-41
TEX 36-46 OAK 36-30 MIN 36-39

TURISMO 2.2

0 to 50 in 6.4 seconds*

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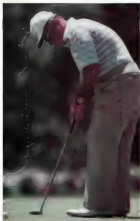
\$7,345**



by John Paparek

Mister X marked the spot

Miller Barber blazed to the Senior Open title with his final round of 65



For three days the sun-washed fir-and-spruce-covered Portland (Ore.) Golf Club resembled nothing so much as the rolling green gardens of a sleepy retirement home. The deeply tanned elders strolling the grounds might have been playing croquet instead of competing in the most significant sports event in the world for men over 50, the third U.S. Senior Open Championship. Then, on the fourth day, when seven aging oldsmen had hunched themselves, and a host of star-pat numbers at the top of the leader board, a lone kid broke the tournament open. The quiet, semi-retireable man they call Mr. X, Miller Barber, at 51 one of the youngest players in the 150-man field, relieved the seniors of some mild embarrassment by playing the kind of golf they insist they can still play; and became \$28,648 richer for it. It was im-

portant to the seniors that the tournament be won with the kind of golf Barber played, and Mr. X greeted his victory with something approaching reverence.

"I just played one of the best rounds of golf in one of the biggest tournaments of my life," he said. "Truly. If you're an amateur or you want to win the U.S. Amateur, or if you're a professional you want to win the U.S. Open. If you're a senior you want to win the Senior Open. As far as I'm concerned, I've just won my second major championship." (He won the Senior PGA last year.)

Of course, for all but Arnold Palmer and a handful of others, senior golf means a new lease-on-life. Said Bob Goalby, 53, "You compete for 30 years, then they put you out to pasture. You feel like you want to die. Now they got us watching our weight, staying in shape, beating balls—it's fantastic." Said Peter Thomson, the 52-year-old Australian who won five British Opens, "We older fellows could play, but it's very lucky we can play for money, isn't it?"

What one sees when watching the seniors are a lot of funny putting styles and out-of-fashion golf clothes, and somehow it's comforting. Ken Townes, a 54-year-old pro from Graciale, Calif., who has in contention all the way, wore a pair of threadbare blue pants with little red golfers all over them. There wasn't a blond head of hair to be found out there—on many heads there was no hair at all. Often one would hear a player mutter, "Where'd it go?" after a tee shot. But there were a lot of beautiful, slow swings to watch, too. Many players left their drivers in their bags, the better to stay in the tight fairways and also to prove that slow and easy works very nearly as well as hard and powerful.

Still, until Sunday, the Senior Open was more like a company outing than a serious competition. Finally, Barber sparked life into a desultory tournament in which, during the first three days, sub-par rounds were almost nonexistent. Only three players were able to better par

71 over Portland's 6,436 yards. On Sunday, Barber's brilliant 65 was one of four sub-par rounds. It gave him a 72-hole total of two under 282, four shots better than Gene Litter and Dan Sikes, nine better than defending champion Arnold Palmer, 52, who disappointed everybody with his final-round 74.

Throughout the week in Portland, the most frequently asked question was: "What time does Annie tee off?" After that, it was mostly, "Why isn't Annie shooting 66-67?" To be sure, although Ben Hogan won the 1985 Portland Open at the same site with the incredibly low score of 27 under, the course played unpleasantly tough—so tough that most of the pros, old and older, were at a loss to explain why, and were more than a little bit uncomfortable about their showing.

Part of the problem, of course, was the tight fairways and the standard deep Open-style rough, which presents much greater difficulty to the soft-swinging seniors than to the kids on the regular tour. But the greatest obstacle seemed to be the baking sun, which kept the grass dry and the temperatures near 90°. For players who had been accustomed to riding in cars—even the pros who regularly play the 17-event senior circuit—this was a hardship, and a few of them weren't too proud to deny it.

"Shoot," said Sikes after his second-round 69 put him two strokes behind Litter. "I haven't walked a course in about a year."

For the first three days, the last six holes were the real killers. Going into Sunday's final 18, the seven leaders were a total of 29 over par. "I don't know what it is," said a bemused Palmer on Saturday afternoon, while insisting that the heat and the walking didn't bother him. "In fact, I could go out and play another 18 holes right now." The most bothersome hole was 15, a 440-yard par-4, which is normally played by members as a 485-yard par-5. Litter bogeyed it three times, Sikes and Gay Brewer bogeyed it twice, Goalby made two bogeys and a double.

Only Barber had played those killer holes in even par.

"I just don't understand it," said Goulby, unabashedly enthusiastic for himself and his brethren after not a single player broke par during Saturday's third round. "I know I was going to shoot under 70 today," he said. "Man, this course is eating us up alive. I guess it's intimidating. It's long and narrow, you get to worrying about out of bounds here, bunkers there, you squeeze the club, pinch it, try to guide the ball, steer it, instead of just grabbing your driver and letting it rip like the kids do."

Then, Goulby might well have gotten to the heart of the matter: "We older fellows think we're so smart, see. We over-read, overthink, instead of really letting it happen. I got news. Our nerves—all of us—are't as good as they used to be."

Of course, like the fans, the players also kept watching for Palmer. How could they help it? The Senior Open, in fact the entire Senior Tour, can fairly ac-

curately be described as the "Palmer Circus." Even the USGA recognized two years ago that the Senior Open wouldn't attract fans without Arnie, so it lowered the age limit from 55 to 50.

Palmer promptly joined up and won last year's Open at Oakland Hills, outside Detroit. Until the very end, he was naturally the man to beat at Portland as well. "With us," said Goulby on Friday, "Arnie's a better player than when he goes out with the kids. He doesn't do some of the things he tries to do with them. He knows he beat all of our butts all our lives, so why can't he do it now, right?"

And just as Goulby was speaking of him, Arnie, who had a 73 in the first round, went out and began trying to make the tournament his, nailing birdie putts on 2, 3, 5 and 9, and swaggering through the turn at 31. When he three-putted 14 from 15 feet for a bogey, however, he bent to the hole with some difficulty, limped away slightly, wiping sweat from his brow, and went on to play the last five holes in four over. Suddenly he looked... well, just like any other senior. "The bad news is I'm playing horribly," he said after his 71. "The good news is that I still have a chance to win." On Saturday he shot a 75, and on Sunday he finished horribly again, bogeying 14 and 15 and double-bogeying 16.

For the last round, the clouds finally moved in to cool things off and keep the greens reasonably soft, and Barber won the tournament on the back nine, the way everyone hoped it would be won. He was paired with Palmer, which, he said, made him think the night before about all the times through the years he and Arnie had played together. "I believe," said Mr. N. "that every time I've played with Arnold, we both always shot in the 60s." So Barber kept his driver in his bag most of the afternoon and concentrated on keeping his ball in the fairway with his three-wood. He birdied 2, 5 and 7, and, going into the dreaded back nine, held a one-stroke lead over Litter and Sikes. He birdied 10 and 13, so much even-par overall and got two strokes up on Litter. On the

long par-4 15th, he hung a 25-foot birdie putt on the lip of the cup, and on 16 he hit an eight-iron two feet from the pin and made birdie. "Like I said," said Barber, "having Arnie with me just gave me the confidence."

In the end, the Senior Open turned out to be a beautiful event. Even the regular Open has its Larry Rinkens and its Jim Klings among the leaders in the early rounds, the Senior Open boasts Art Selvestroes and Freddie Hanes. Hanes, a strapping 6'11½", 46-year-old former touring pro from Metairie, La., whose last regular tour victory was the 1954 Thunderbolt Invitational at Palm Springs, Calif., ran an eagle-birdie-birdie-birdie swing and shot a 72 in the opening round and said, "I was thinking, 'Gee, my mother would just love this.' She just passed away. The one thing she always loved was to read my name in the papers."

Selvestroes, a 50-year-old teaching pro from Winter Park, Fla., visited the press tent after his opening round 72 and said, "This is my first time doing this. I just hope I'm up here drinking Coke the next couple of days. But if I'm up here again the fourth day it'll be a mug of red." The oldest player in the Portland field, Paul Little (Pawson, Burns), who won 13 tour events from 1931 to 1942, shot his age on Friday, three days before celebrating his 74th birthday. "I guess I've done it a couple of hundred times," he said. And Mike Souchak, 55 years old now, shot an 84 on Friday and said, "Hey, it's just a game. If you have your health, you have it all."

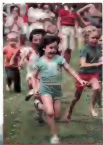
For the remainder of this season, Barber will be playing both senior and regular tour events. He has already won \$43,548 on the senior circuit and nearly \$30,000 more on the main PGA Tour; last year he earned \$97,186 and \$49,125 from them, respectively. Next year, when the Senior Tour swells to around 20 events, he has decided that he will weight his schedule more heavily in that direction. "You take 20 senior events and 15 regular tour events," he says, "and what you've got is a divorce."

Meanwhile, the victory will continue to watch out for Palmer, who went flying off to this week's British Open at Troon, where he won in 1961 and '62. Arnie only has until 1990 to near up the Senior Tour. That's the year a kid named Nicklaus becomes eligible.



Fans watched Arnie, who couldn't bear to watch.

Sports, organized and free-form, participant and spectator, abound around and about



SEATTLE: CITY

The opening of the yachting season on the first Saturday of May is celebrated on Union Bay.

A special gift for you, the Seattle area resident.

Seattle, fostering civic pride and an uncommon urban vigor

by SARAH PILEGGI



LIFE AT ITS BEST





Not so long ago Seattle was a minor-league city, in fact and in temperament. It was reasonably prosperous, conservative, resistant to change and content with its middle-sized lot as a provincial capital. Some thought it was culturally disadvantaged—Sir Thomas Beecham once called Seattle an aesthetic disaster—but it was sublimely favored in its natural setting, a rain-washed, fit-scorched congregation of hills spilling into Puget Sound on the west and Lake Washington along the east. Rivers, mountains, forests, lakes and islands too numerous to name lay so close they might as well have been city playgrounds. And if it rained a lot, so much the better. Rain kept strangers away and made the tulips and the rhododendrons blaze in the spring.

But in the years after World War II, there was the prospect of rapid growth in and around Seattle, and a few people began to be concerned for the future of the city, for its economy and for its treasured outdoor way of life. Why, as early

as the mid-1950s, lovely Lake Washington had become too polluted for people to swim in.

Beginning in the late 1950s, a series of ambitious civic and metropolitan area projects were undertaken, each grander in scope than the last and each highly successful, which eventually altered the course of Seattle's history and made it a model for the rest of the country. The first was the clearing up of Lake Washington, which began in 1958. Then came the 1962 World's Fair, an event that drew unusual attention to Seattle and altered permanently its own view of its civic destiny. And finally, in 1968, a \$334 million bond issue called Forward Thrust was passed, which made possible, among 614 other civic improvements, the construction of a covered stadium just south of the main business district. Once there was a stadium, the Kingdom, there were professional teams to fill it—the Seahawks of the NFL, the Sounders of the NASL, the SuperSonics of the NBA and soon the Mariners of the American League.

Everything the city fathers did seemed to work. Metro, a municipal governing



body, was created to deal with the joint problems of city and suburbs. Its cleanup made Lake Washington one of the largest unpolluted bodies of water in an American city, and it became a model for urban planners nationwide. The World's Fair not only made money, but when it was over, Seattle also had a new cultural center. And as for the Kingdome, perhaps the most controversial of all the Forward Thrust projects, the target of dire predictions of ballooning debt, choking traffic and even collapsing sidewalks, it has been a resounding success since it opened on March 27, 1981. It's a squat, utilitarian structure that an Oregon newspaper was once described as "a toadstool with a short stem," but it cost only \$67 million to build, compared to the Louisiana Superdome, which opened in 1975 and cost \$163 million.

In its first six years of operation, 18.4 million people have visited the Kingdome, more than three-quarters of them for professional sports events. Although

the Seahawks have only had two winning seasons in their six years, they remainably sell-out. The Sonics, who won the NBA title in 1979 and are a perennial contender, have set one league attendance mark after another. Following a season of record crowds for an expansion team (1977), the Mariners have struggled, both at the gate and afield. But this year, with a winning record, not to mention Gaylord Perry to attract the curious, the empty seats are beginning to fill (see box, page 64). Only the Sounders seem to be floundering, suffering simultaneously from mediocre play and owners beset with cash-flow problems, after eight seasons of mostly good teams and solid attendance.

Because the Kingdome has had substantial operating surpluses every year, the property tax levied on King County residents to help pay the mortgage was lifted in 1981, instead of after 17 to 20 years as had

been projected. The entire debt service is now covered by a 2% hotel-motel tax, another indication of the effect the dome has had on tourism in the area.

Not that Seattle's road to the big time has always been smooth. A large economic hiccup shook the city around 1970, and of course now it is in the throes of the nationwide recession. Then as now, Boeing, the area's largest employer,

continued



Treasures of the originally controversial but almost immediately profitable Kingdome are (from upper left) the Seahawks, the Sounders, the SuperSonics, and the Mariners, the most ancient of whom is Pitcher Gaylord Perry.



was hardest hit. Then it had to cut its payroll of 101,000 by almost two-thirds. Unemployment in the Seattle area reached 12.7%, more than two times the national average. So many people were leaving the area, the story goes, that not a single U-Haul trailer was left for rent.

Now Boeing is cutting its payroll

bies have worked for the good of all. They have defused political polarization, thereby preserving Seattle's traditional conciliatory way of getting things done, and they have created a rare breed of contemporary city dweller, the committed urbanite who knows he can make his voice heard.

city living, with its man-made delights and everything else as well.

A working Seattleite can (and he does, she does) run, bike, row, paddle, windsurf, hike, fish, sail, bird-watch, and play tennis, golf, soccer, softball, basketball, even Pickle-Ball, all within the city limits and using public facilities.



Seattle's inlets that make Lake Washington a nautical playground provide a clear view of Mt. Rainier to the south, and help urban the air down town.

again, having pared its work force by 5,000 in 1981, and the timber industry, another important element of Seattle's economy, is suffering from the slump in housing starts, with the result that unemployment had risen to 10.7% at last reading, 1.6% above the national average.

Also, adjustments have had to be made in Seattle's master concept when the electorate has dug in its heels on such costly or emotional issues as rapid transit and the redevelopment of the city's beloved old Pike Place Market on a bluff above the downtown waterfront. But in the end the concessions made by the planners to the ad hoc "smallness" job-

Through two decades of significant change and against a backdrop of the deterioration of American cities generally, Seattle has emerged as a paragon and an inspiration, testimony to what urban living could be if cities were, like Seattle, moderately populated, surrounded by water, hemmed in by mountains, favored by a mild climate and watched over by a citizenry that knows how lucky it is. From a rice town rarely seen by outsiders except those passing through on their way to Alaska or Japan, Seattle has become the best place in America for the urban outdoorsman, the sort who wants to have his cake and eat it too; who wants

And that's just on weekdays. On weekends he really moves. He fishes for salmon on the Slough. He goes white-water canoeing on the Snohomish. He cross-country skis at Sun Mountain. He backpacks and rock-climbs in the Cascades. He stalks mushrooms in the Hoh Rain Forest on the Olympic Peninsula. He cruises the San Juan Islands under power or he races on Puget Sound under sail. The choices are stunning.

And for relaxation he gardens. In Seattle's cool, damp climate growing things grow better and easier than almost anywhere, and the compulsion to putter about in the yard is strong. Donald J.

continued



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Now that gas mileage is the hot button, few cars boast about their styling. The new Datsun 200-SX, Hardtop SL is a brilliant exception. Look at the integrated, wrap-around bumpers. The new louvers on the hood. The classic blacked-out grille. Inside: real comfort and the ultimate in sophistication. This car actually "talks" to you. A voice calls your attention to six vital functions like... "Right door is open." On the road a more powerful 2.2 liter fuel-injected engine propels

you along without sacrificing economy: EPA estimated 26 MPG, 38 estimated highway. Use MPG for comparison only. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. The thrilling 200-SX: proof positive that no one marries performance and styling like Datsun.

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Elmer, a former general manager of Alpestral, the best of the ski areas at nearby Snoqualmie Pass, said recently, "As soon as the first tulip came up, we'd be dead."

Seattle is especially appealing to the young, the educated and the energetic. It almost qualifies as a fad among recent college graduates. In these nonetheless times, when people choose a place to live as dispassionately as they might select a camera lens at the grocer's, Seattle ranks highest in livability. Livability, roughly translated, suggests a city big enough to have good restaurants and small enough for one to be able to get a table in them. But most important, it means ready access to the great outdoors.



Jim Zorn is the Seahawks' quarterback, but otherwise he's typical of the new Seattleites, in that every waking, nonworking hour of his life is filled with outdoor recreation. Zorn skis, water-skis, hunts pheasant and duck, fishes for salmon and steelhead, sails, runs road races and works out with a bike-racing club.

"I'd lived in Southern California all

my life," he says. "If you wanted to get out you either had to drive 60 to 100 miles to go up into the mountains or down to the beach. In Southern California what we did was skateboard, throw frisbees, surf, go to miniature golf courses. Here we have lakes and trees and mountains and hiking trails, all nearby. Even if I were to be cut or traded or got a new job, I would hope it would bring me back here. This is where I'd like to end up."

Zorn and his teammate Wide Receiver Steve Largent climbed Mt. Rainier together a couple of years ago. Largent, who was raised in Oklahoma, now lives like a country squire on five wooded acres in Woodinville, Wash., a honey spot northeast of Seattle.

"Seattle is just a great town," says Largent. "It's got all the advantages of a big city and yet has the type of pride that exists in a small town. People are really proud of Seattle and do a lot of things to keep it looking nice."

Kathleen Nichols represents a different sort of latter-day settler. She's the kind of achiever who in another decade probably would have been drawn to a major commercial and cultural center such as New York. She is 31, a history

continued

Environmental editor Raymond (above) worries about overdevelopment, but Parks Superintendent Wondley takes pride in the city's recreational planning, one result of which was Gas Works Park.



"I couldn't live without her,
so I gave her a big incentive to stick around."



I wanted to get both a diamond engagement ring as big and beautiful as our future together looked. A diamond that told the world that this wonderful woman wasn't marrying just anyone. She was marrying me.

Now I'd found out that today a good guideline for getting the most beautiful diamond you can afford is to spend about 2 months' salary.

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A diamond is forever. De Beers



A local passion for hydroplanes attracted 300,000 fans to a Gold Cup race on Lake Washington.

major from George Washington University, who moved to Seattle after working for four years in Washington, D.C., as an editor for the American Psychological Association and then as a coordinator of seminars and conferences for the Small College Consortium. She chose Seattle because she "wanted to do more outdoor stuff." She lives on a houseboat in Lake Union, a floating city within a city, and she works in advertising and promotions director for REI, a retail sporting-goods cooperative.

"I wanted to live someplace pretty and I wanted something smaller than D.C., but I wanted a city," she says. "So I looked at Seattle, Portland, Santa Fe and Denver. At Seattle I had three gorgeous days and I thought, 'This is it.' On a beautiful day there's no place like Seattle. Of course when I moved out here I found it wasn't always like that. But even when it's like this," she said, gesturing to acknowledge a dripping, silver-gray day in May. "It's so much greener than most places."

Seattle's climate has long been a provocative subject, for natives as well as outsiders. "Wet is beautiful," proclaims Lesser Seattle, an organization formed in a bar by newbies some years ago, ostensibly to discourage development.

For many years it wasn't necessary to discourage tourism. Seattle's reputation for having one of the least sun climates in North America took care of that. But when a brown fog of pollution had settled down on so many of the formerly at-

tractive cities of the West—when the inhabitants of places like Los Angeles had learned to live with air that steeled like bus exhaust—Seattle's damp freshness and the winds that kept it that way looked less like a blight than a blessing.

Infielder Bruce Bochie has been with the Mariners since he was drafted in the free-agent reentry round in 1977. He arrived in Seattle a Southern Californian with a three-year contract, but at the end of his second season he agreed to a two-year extension with a no-trade clause at far less money than he knew he was worth, just so he could be sure of staying in the Seattle area.

"The whole Northwest offers a quality of life superior to other areas in the country," says Bochie, who also lives in Woodinville, where he has succumbed to the regional passion for gardening. "The weather can be a deterrent unless you set yourself psychologically. When I came

up here from sunny California, I told myself it was going to rain every day of the year. That way you really enjoy the good days you have."

In fact, several American cities have a higher annual rainfall than Seattle's 38.19-inch average. New York's, for instance, is 40.19. In an average year there is precipitation on 158 days in Seattle and 169 in Buffalo. The difference is that Seattle's rain is spread out more. Even though a string of warm dry days is common in summer, more typical is a stretch of cool gray days during which the sun may not break through the clouds at all. The winters are mild, as are the summers. The mean temperature in January is 38; in July it is 65. That gray summerish has sometimes been blamed for Seattle's unusually high incidences of suicide and alcoholism.

However, even a gray day in Seattle can have its memorable aspects. Anyone lucky enough to find himself on the west side of First, Capitol or Queen Anne hills, or seated in a cafe in the Pike Place Market looking out over Elliott Bay toward the Olympics late on a winter afternoon when the sun suddenly drops below the cloud cover for a few moments on its way to the horizon, isn't likely to forget the experience. For those few minutes the water and the mountains and the clean city on its hills are transfigured in a blaze of purple and gold and shimmering silver.

In surprising fact, Seattle is several degrees north of Bangor, Maine, on approximately the same latitude as St. John's,

continued



The Forns, Jim, Joy and daughter Rachel, double their pleasure by living year-round near Seattle.



*The faster the action, the more
you need 400-speed films from Kodak.*



America's Storyteller



This floating house community in Lake Union is one of several houseboat colonies within the city.

Newfoundland. Therefore its winter days are short, but on summer evenings the light lingers, making it possible for the new Seattleites to squeeze even more into their days.

It has been suggested that in order to be able to live in Seattle, people are taking jobs for which they are overqualified, thereby creating a void in their lives which they then fill with intense recreation. Perhaps. The theory is debatable.

The fact that isn't debatable is that people who come to visit frequently stay. Forty-one of last season's 52 Seabirds, for instance, made Seattle their permanent home. Bochie reports that at the close of the 1979 season, a dozen of the 25 Mariners elected to stay on. "You don't see that happening often," he says. Even Darrell Johnson, the Mariner manager who was fired in August 1980, has bought a co-op apartment.

When you ask the new Seattleites, and the old ones, too, why they like the place

so much, they invariably speak first of the recreational opportunities. They say, for instance, that in 45 minutes they can be doing at Snoqualmie Pass, which means they can ski after work or school from December to April—at prices that are extremely sporting. At Alpentel, for instance, a season pass can be had for \$210 and a midweek lift ticket for \$11.

Snoqualmie Pass is Seattle's gateway to the Cascades, the north-south mountain barrier between the wet western coast of Washington and the dry fruit-



Hardball Fever: Catch It, Please

Seattle: First in disability, first in recreation and last in the American League West. Much of the time, anyway. And the Mariners have ranked poorly in the hearts of their fans, too, finishing next-to-last in American League home attendance each of the last three years while placing no higher than fifth in their division. Seattle's fans had already watched one sport franchise, the Pilots, leave in 1970 after a single season, so why support the hapless Mariners?

But now the Mariners, who've been around since 1977, finally seem ready to become part of the scene. Despite losing three to the Indians last weekend, Manager Rene Lachemann's M's were only four games out of first place. The team that has never finished a full season with a winning percentage higher than .414 was at .528 (.445-.413) in the All-Star break. In truth, the Mariners' chances of overtaking stronger teams like Kansas City or California are slim, but they're certainly living up to their 1982 promotional pledge: Mariners... *Playin' Hardball!*

Oh, how Mariner principal owner George

Argeros (left) loves that campaign. It's a natural for a man whose personal motto is "Patience is for losers." Argeros (pronounced AR-lee-ger-ee) promises he'll "play hardball." He has already done so with King County, which oversees the Kingdom, to reach an out-of-court settlement of a lawsuit involving, among other things, stadium improvements.

Since the 45-year-old Argeros took control of the club in February 1980, he owns 92% of it with four of the original owners, including Danny Kave, holding 2% each; the Mariners have changed their softball image. It would be simplistic, of course, to credit the club's recent success to an owner who spends more time in Orange County, Calif., than he does in Seattle. But Argeros' imprint is on his team. "Look, these days, you've got to give credit to anyone who risks \$13 million for a franchise," says Dan O'Brien, president and *de facto* general manager of the M's.

Particularly for this franchise, which has built-in disadvantages beyond its losing image. The economy of the Northwest is bad. That area of the country and the western part

and wheat-growing valleys of the eastern half of the state. They are very young, as mountains go, and therefore steep, jagged and dangerous looking. Thirteen peaks are more than 10,000 feet; the highest is 14,430-foot Mt. Rainier, a volcanic cone that rises eerily above the clouds on Seattle's southern horizon (on a clear day), as symbolic of the Pacific Northwest as Fujiyama is of Japan.

Seattleites tend to measure air pollution, which is growing but not yet out of hand, on the basis of how many days a year they can see Rainier. The greatest pollution occurs downtown on warm days. But the smog would be much worse than it is if the city and surrounding King County didn't maintain an extraordinary bus system, a service that exists in part because of the refusal of the voters to approve an expensive rapid-transit system in 1968. Today one can travel anywhere in Seattle comfortably and cheaply by bus. A downtown office worker can get to work from any part of the city in about a half hour, and once downtown, in the Ride Free Area, as it's called, there is no charge at all. Special buses have bike racks on their fronts for transporting cyclists to trail heads in the country. It all works so well that between 1973 and '79, Metro bus ridership rose 85%.

In the same period, however, the city's population was falling, from 530,831 in 1970 to 493,846 in 1980, while the population of the near suburbs was growing. The city's housing pool, which is two-thirds single-family homes, is now likely to be occupied by young, single, childless people, a trend that demographers call "Marshallization." Seattle's most recent demographic survey showed that the population was down in each age group except 20-to-34-year-olds. Everyone deplotes the trend, but economists seem to make it inevitable for the time being, at least until the 20-to-34s decide to trade in blissful singleness for blessed parenthood. In preparation for that day, a local recreational-equipment dealer offers a free clinic on "backpacking with children."

However, unlike some cities that have been crippled physically and economically by the flight of the middle class, Seattle has made the transition fairly smoothly. Its public school system, of which it was once so proud, has suffered, and several schools have closed for lack of students, but in some ways the city has actually benefited. Because of a shortage of housing, old houses that might otherwise have been left to decay are being rehabilitated and old neighborhoods are

being infused with new blood and new energy.

Fred Brack, a newspaperman who moved to Seattle nine years ago, thinks the Kingdom was the turning point. "There was a great deal of controversy about whether even to have the damn thing," he says, "where to locate it, what Seattle was going to become, whether it was going to become a larger city and provide these amenities, or whether the people who were terrified of change were going to prevail. At the same time there was controversy about the city's parks, whether to spend money on them, whether to develop new parks. All those arguments finally went in favor of recreation—the parks and the Kingdom. Since then it's been relatively quiet because the city has overwhelmingly decided that this is the character of the city."

Whitney Humphrey is a native of Seattle who has lived through a great deal of change and has mixed feelings about the outcome. Humphrey, 54, is a fire-crew foreman for Seattle City Light, the power company. He has lived almost all his life within a radius of four blocks in Ballard, a neighborhood in Seattle's north end that is characterized ethnically by Norwegians, in the workplace by blue collars and architecturally by block after block

continued

of Canada included in the Mariners' "dancing area" have never been professional baseball hotbeds. And in a participation sports-obsessed city such as Seattle, it seems logical that the summer game should be played outside, not in the Kingdom, in recognition of that, the M's, unlike most major league teams, play the majority of their Sunday home games (8 of 13) at night so as not to interfere or compete with the fans' daytime activities.

And no other baseball franchise has to contend with the late-night schedule of a boat, the Seattle-Bremer Ferry, which is the only means of transportation across Puget Sound to the peninsula city of Bremerton (pop. 36,268), 15 miles west of Seattle. Fans who want to make the 11 o'clock run instead of waiting for the next boat at 2:30 a.m. sometimes have to leave before the game's over.

Argyros feels his biggest influence has been to streamline the management of the franchise. When he bought the club he expected to spend \$20 million over the next three to five years. The money wouldn't be spent on big-name free agents, nor would he routinely

sign top players to long-term, guaranteed contracts. Tom Paciorek, probably the most popular Mariner in the club's history, was dealt to the White Sox in the offseason when Argyros wouldn't accede to his contract demands, and it appears that Floyd Reamster, the ace of the Mariners' staff, may be playing elsewhere in 1983 for the same reason. The owner has received high marks for his spare-no-expense approach to the farm system (his "blueprint" for a successful team is the Los Angeles Dodgers) and for increasing the M's exposure with a better television schedule.

Argyros has variously called himself a "people guy," an "athlete guy" and a "motherhood-and-apple-pie guy." He left out a "rich guy." He was working in retail grocery management in Orange County in 1961 when he suddenly heard a commandment: Go ye and trade. "I just decided I didn't want to work in a store anymore," said Argyros, "unless I owned it." He was an instant success in retail estate and now he's president of Arnel Development (a land developer in Southern California) and chairman of the board of Ar-

sel Management, which is in construction and asset management. Last year he purchased AirCal, a regional airline. His independent real-estate holdings include the San Clemente property once owned by Richard Nixon.

So far Argyros has left most of the baseball decisions to O'Brien, but they have clashed on occasion over marketing strategy. And Argyros has found that a baseball team's following sometimes develops more slowly than the value of land. Though the M's just finished one of their best attendance weeks in history (138,291 for seven games, their per-game average crowd of 13,769 projects to a season total of 1.1 million, short of Argyros' preseason goal of 1.3 million). Obviously, the team has yet to be closely embraced by the city, but with Lachemann's scratch-and-dig offense and his penchant for the quick hook with pitchers, the M's are 20-12 in one-run games and have come from behind 26 times to win. With that kind of team, it could be only a matter of time before baseball is another prime attraction in Seattle. —JACK MCCOLLUM

of small, tidy pre-World War II houses with boats and campers parked in their driveways.

Once upon a time Humphrey had his own small boat and patronized small lakefront and riverside resorts, fishing camps where he could rent a cottage. But those resorts were forced out as growth radiated from Seattle, so now Humphrey stays in motels.

Although he regrets the passing of the way of life he used to know, Humphrey has adjusted. "Face it," he says, "we have probably the most beautiful country in the world, and you don't even have to get out of your car to see it."

Along with almost everybody else in town, Humphrey and his wife, Pat, are Seahawk fans. The appeal of the Seahawks crosses all lines, and a ticket to a home game is a rare trophy. Along with 59,498 others, the Humphreys are season-ticket holders and have become friendly with the people in the seats around them. It's almost like the old days. Humphrey can get just about as exercised about Tampa Bay, Seattle's expansion rival, as he once did about the San Francisco Seals, the old rival of the Triple-A Seattle Rainiers, who played in

Sicks! Stadium. "They ain't best us yet and they ain't ever gonna beat us," he growls. "And we didn't have to give our couch a house and set up a sweetheart real-estate deal to get him to come here."

Where Winny Humphrey can take the changes around him more or less in stride, Steve Raymond is so upset by what he sees, he dreams of leaving for Alaska or New Zealand. Raymond is vice-commercial editor of *The Seattle Times* and a serious fisherman.

"I'm a small-town person at heart," he says. "Seattle's getting too big for my taste. The state has more than four million people in it now. When you spend a lot of time outdoors, you notice those kinds of changes pretty rapidly. Now it looks as though the electronics industry is getting ready to move in here in a big way. That will mean 3,000 more jobs up around Everett [a city to the north], plus all the families that will come with them. That's going to have quite an impact on what is now pretty much a rural area. I know some steelhead fishermen who are worried about the fishing up there."

Raymond, his wife, Joan, and their two children live at Alki Point in West Seattle, the spot at which the city's first

settlers landed, having come by sea from the Nisqually Valley at the head of Puget Sound in 1851. One settler in a wistful moment named it New York, but others were more facetious, calling it instead New York-Alki, which in Chinook, the area's pulpit language of trade, meant New York By and By.

Raymond's house fronts on the Sound looking west toward the cloud-cloaked mountains of the Olympic Peninsula. He too remembers how things used to be. "It sort of hurts to go to the places where I spent time as a boy," he says. "Pristine lakes and ponds are now surrounded by postage-stamp-size lots and cabers and water skiers and speedboats. It's not the same, somehow. But I guess, compared to the rest of the country, we really are spoiled. There are probably not many places where you can go fishing in your front yard with a chance of catching a salmon, which I can do."

Probably not. Especially not places where one can also then shower, shave, drive 15 minutes and listen to a symphony, see a play or watch a major league baseball, football, basketball or soccer game, eat a meal in one of perhaps two dozen very good restaurants—and not even have to get dressed up. It won't in the least odd to see a man wearing a down jacket and hiking boots at one of the city's better restaurants.

Even Seattle's clubs are less stuffy than those in most medium-sized cities. The Seattle Tennis Club, which was founded in 1890, one year after Washington became a state, is one of the few private tennis clubs in town. It has 19 courts set amid elegant landscaping that slopes to the edge of Lake Washington, but it's as busy on weekends as a city park on Labor Day. The club has roughly 3,000 members, a third of whom actually live in the neighborhood.

The Seattle Yacht Club, by rights in a waterfront city like Seattle, should be a Very Significant Place, along the lines of the New York Yacht Club or the St. Francis in San Francisco. Instead, it's a honey-looking white frame building on Portage Bay between lakes Washington and Union. It has a many-gabled roof, striped awnings over the windows and a bulletin board in the lobby on which a notice might say, "Coming Thursday, June 11, rope yarn on the lawn...."



In 1961, *Racing* showed off its revolutionary *Clipper* beneath the Alaskan Street Bridge.

Ment. assortments of salads, chilled fresh fruits, barbecued salmon, stir-fried vegetables, fried rice, chef's special dessert, beverages, complimentary pickers of beer, \$10.95 per person."

Not only does the Seattle Yacht Club advocate beer by the pitcher, but it also enriches its sporting embrace to include unlimited hydroplane racing. Seattle's long-standing affection for that noisy brand of high-tech boating seems odd to an outsider, given the pastoral quality and pace of the city's life generally, but the feeling runs deep, dating back to the triumphs of a Seattle boat, *Sko-Mo-Shan*, in the Gold Cup races of the 1950s. The sports pages of the *Times* and the *Post-Intelligencer* regularly devote space to the "rooster season" in Seattle and elsewhere.

Bob Allen is a Seattle Yacht Club member who embodies the contradiction. He's an aeronautical engineer who restores elderly wooden-hulled cabin cruisers for the love of wood and nice old things, but who is also intensely interested in the design and racing of gas-turbine-powered offshore racing boats. His U-95, a turbine-powered adrenaline, was raced during the 1974 season and stirred considerable interest, but because it never attracted a corporate sponsor, it was finally sold. Now Allen dreams of hydrex.

Another of his pursuits is mycology. He is as likely to rhapsodize about a golden phallus as a fiber-glass racing hull. "You're walking in the woods over on the peninsula after a rain, and instead of complaining about your mother-in-law, you're looking for mushrooms," he says. "You can find, growing by themselves, completely free and available, all the good and all the bad and all the spectacular mushrooms that you'd ever want. Ever had a fried chicken mushroom? Tastes like fried chicken, I swear."

Allen came to Seattle to stay in 1961. Boats entered his life only after his arrival. Graham Anderson, a Seattle native, owned his first sailboat, a flutle, when he was 13. While *Wing V* is his tenth. It's a 53-foot Peterson sloop, loaded to its scuppers with the latest and best in ocean-racing equipment. Besides being one of Seattle's preeminent sailors and the president of a large insurance brokerage firm, Anderson is also a past president of the U.S. Ski Association, a volun-

teer job that obliged him to travel more than he liked. "Seattle is a great place to come home to," he says. "I don't know where I'd rather live. People are friendly, and the pace is a little slower than San Francisco and a lot slower than New York. Here it's what you make it."

"It used to be that you pretty well knew everybody. And that was true for sailing and skiing and everything. I'm not saying that's better or worse. It's just dif-

a lot of environment left to save in and around Seattle. In 278-acre Seward Park, for instance, there is a one-mile-long, quarter-mile-wide tract of virgin forest, a stand of firs and maples that are today as they were when the first settlers espied them in the 1850s, but bigger. Discovery Park, on 537 acres of Magnolia Bluff overlooking the Sound, is a deliberately maintained wilderness within the city where muscle power is the only legal



In 1888, the Seattle Street Railway cut through Second and Pike. Now a market is nearby.

ferent. Seattle's an interesting town, now with an interesting mix of people. There's relatively little demagoguery among politicians, and there are a fair number of people who are willing to delve into things."

The best vehicle for making one's presence felt in Seattle is volunteering. Politics and the arts are the old favorites in this respect, but now environmentalism is at center stage. Seattle has more paid staff working on environmental matters than any city except San Francisco and Washington, D.C. Local environmental leaders like Brock Evans, vice-president for national issues of the National Audubon Society, and Mike McCluskey, executive director of the Sierra Club, have moved from regional to national prominence in the movement. In the last four years, two winners of the Sol Feinstone Environmental Award, given by the State University of New York's College of Environmental Science and Forestry to honor volunteer environmentalists, have been from Seattle.

It's a good thing, too. Because there is

years of locomotion. The Montlake FIB, a marshy area on the edge of Lake Washington near the University of Washington boathouse, is a bird watcher's candy store. For \$2.25 an hour one can rent a canoe at the boathouse, and while paddling through the bulrushes see goldeneyes, gadwalls and grebes, greater scaups, ruddy ducks and buffleheads, not to mention herons, cormorants and kingfishers. The willows on the edge of the water have the impressions of beaver teeth on them, and the tracks of weasels and otters are discernible in the mud.

In the spring, over the hum of motorboats, the distant buzz of small sailplanes and the lap of the water against the cement walls of the ship canal on which generations of Washington crews have left their marks—READY TO ROW AGAINST ANY FOE, TOP OAR IN '94—one can hear the clean piercing whistle and trill of a redwing blackbird.

Parks often tell the tale of a city's priorities. If they are run-down, little used, inaccessible or fearsome, they are clearly not high on the list. In Seattle the parks

continued

are the city's pride and joy and always have been. The Olmsted brothers of Brookline, Mass., the most prestigious landscape architects of their day, were commissioned to design the system in 1903. The Olmsted scheme for Seattle was to create a series of medium-sized neighborhood parks, connected to each other by a series of broad, landscaped boulevards. The Olmsted design was grand and, in its entirety, beyond the financial means of the young city. But the Olmsted approach was adopted and enough of its elements were realized to set the standard that prevails today.

Ravenna Boulevard connects Green Lake, Ravenna and Cowen parks, and Lake Washington Boulevard runs for 3½ miles alongside the lake, a park in itself.

Walter R. Handley, a Yale Divinity School product who grew up playing in Philadelphia's 8,900-acre Fairmount Park ("It was a four-mile walk to go there, but when you're a kid that ain't nothing"), is the superintendent of Seattle's 5,120 acres of parks.

"I think we have one of the best systems in the country," says Handley. "I can say that because I didn't build it. It's been building for 75 years. The citizens of Seattle have consistently, every 10 to 20 years, passed a bond issue to improve their park system. Rarely did they lose an issue, and that kind of support is still here. We didn't do like some other cities and have a huge Griffith Park [Los Angeles] or a huge Fairmount Park and everything else just junk. Each little park in our system is a kind of jewel. And each is sort of crafted to blend into its environment wherever it happens to be."

Handley's system is pressed financially because of the recession and shrinking city budgets. The scarcity of playing fields is a problem that keeps his staff juggling schedules and improving constantly. But maintenance is Handley's first priority.

"I really want the system to look good," he says. "When people see a park and it's looking nice, they appreciate that, and it makes them feel good about

themselves and their city. When the parks are bedraggled, people think of their city as bedraggled and, by extension, themselves."

Seattle has a well-deserved reputation for ingenuity, for improvising solutions to problems that in other cities would be deemed insoluble. Gas Works Park on Lake Union is a good example of its swivel-tipped approach to obstacles.

Union is a center-city kind of lake, two miles long, a half-mile wide, heavily trafficked and ringed with commercial activity and colonies of houseboats. It's surrounded by hills on three sides, and at its

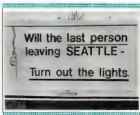
old structures would use up much of the budget for the project.

Then Rich Haug, a local landscape architect, proposed to remove about 80% of the structures but to leave the rest as a sort of industrial sculpture, and further, to scrape up a goodly amount of the oil-soaked ground into a large mound from the top of which kites could be flown and boats could be watched.

Haug's plan, partly inspired by economics and partly just plain inspired, caused a brouhaha that lasted for years. Many people hated his idea. But finally the city council decided to adopt it and

Gas Works Park was born. Parts of the remaining structures were painted in bright colors, and children were invited to climb at will around their lower reaches. Picnic tables and grills were installed adjacent to the "sculpture," and a translucent fiber-glass shed roof was erected over all to keep out the rain and let in light. Soon trails began to appear on the sides of the mound, like cow paths. In nice weather kites were being flown from the top by fanciers of all ages, and boat watching, a time-honored Seattle pastime, was never better. Gas Works was a success. "Now it's one of our most popular parks," says Lou Anne Kirby, a parks employee. "Some people still think it's ugly, some people love it and some people come and don't really care which it is."

The best thing about Gas Works is that it's there, a viable, ingenious solution to the common urban problem of too much to do and too little money to do it with. The same could be said of Seattle itself. For all its problems, it's still an overwhelmingly pleasant city. It may be threatened but it isn't endangered, and it lives because it adapts. Its leaders and citizens have developed the habit of planning for change and thereby controlling it. They have done such an admirable job that a Seattleite, standing atop his rain-washed hill, breathing his fire-scented air, looking out over the Sound toward the Olympics, would be justified if he were to lift his umbrella in salute, to his city and to his own good fortune.



No many folks left in 1971 that this billboard was hardly funny.

south end the skyscrapers of downtown are close enough for office workers to canoe on their lunch hour. At the north end of the lake, for 50 years or so, stood a petroleum-cracking plant, a maze of rusting pipes and towers once used to extract gas from coal and oil for cooking, heating and lighting fuel for the city. In the early 1950s, when Washington began to import cheap natural gas from Canada, the old cracking plant became obsolete and was closed down. In 1962, the city began to acquire the property, planning to clear the site, level the ground and landscape it as a waterfront park. But unanticipated problems arose. For one thing, the soil turned out to be impregnated with sulfur and petrohydrocarbons, the residue of the cracking process, so depths of as much as 15 feet, so there was little hope of growing anything. Second, it was determined that merely to raze the massive

Did you say $\frac{1}{3}$ less tar?

Pall Mall Light 100's.
A third less tar
than the leading
filter king, and
still great taste.



Pall Mall
Light 100's 9mg tar 0.11mg nic
Leading filter king 15mg tar 1.1mg nic
Lowest brand
less than 100mg tar 0.002mg nic

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg "tar", 0.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report, '93.

1982 Mazda RX-7. Just one look

The more you look at the finest sports cars in the world, the more you like the Mazda RX-7.

A close look at its competition only reveals what sports car lovers have known for several years now. The Mazda RX-7 is a truly incredible value.

It's also an incredible sports car in many ways. One that has been thoughtfully engineered—from engine to suspension to aerodynamics to interior comfort—to give you a full measure of the enjoyment and stimulation you naturally demand in a world-class sports car.

And one that offers exceptional performance while achieving impressive fuel economy.

30 21 In August 1981, *1981 Best Cars* magazine selected the RX-7 as one of the 10 Best Cars For the Eighties. Here's what they said:

"In the class for Closed Sports Car, the Mazda RX-7 won on a unanimous vote.... It's a car that has not only lived up to very high expectations, but gone considerably beyond them....

"Its performance is excellent with smooth acceleration from the rotary engine, its handling and braking are hard to fault, it's comfortable on long trips with plenty of luggage room for two people and the price is surprisingly low."

A SLIPPERY SHAPE CONTRIBUTES TO GREAT PERFORMANCE.

The RX-7's clean lines were not created for aesthetic reasons alone.

Its sleek exterior was also designed for aerodynamic efficiency, which contributes

directly to outstanding performance. Months of racing and wind-tunnel testing went into refining the RX-7's slippery silhouette in order to

reduce air turbulence.

As a result, the RX-7 has a very low drag coefficient of 0.34.

The RX-7's superior aerodynamics, together

with its 1300 cc rotary engine, the RX-7's low fuel consumption.

Mazda RX-7	
0-60	2.9 sec
1-4	4.1 sec
1-4	4.1 sec
1-4	4.1 sec
1-4	4.1 sec

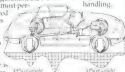


GREAT BALANCE. GREAT HANDLING.

With its front mid-engine configuration, the RX-7 is an almost perfectly balanced car: 50% of its weight rests on the front wheels, 49% on the rear. And its center of gravity is only 18 inches off the ground.

Put this nearly ideal

weight distribution together with a finely-tuned suspension system, and you have exceptional handling.



Car and Driver magazine drove the RX-7



through a demanding 1000-foot slalom course, with pylons placed 100 feet apart. During this test, the car attained a speed of 55.3 mph. Proof, indeed, that the RX-7 delivers true sports car handling.

More evidence of the Mazda RX-7's

and you'll see its incredible value.

with its smooth, powerful rotary engine, help give it performance that can only be described as thrilling.



THE RX-7 BENEFITS FROM CONTINUAL REFINEMENT.

Since its introduction, the RX-7 has benefited from a number of large and small refinements. Typical of these is an alteration in the design of the spark plug. (See illustration.) The three-electrode plug was in-

placed by one with four electrodes, and the tips were positioned closer to the combustion chamber to help maintain smooth, stable ignition.



Another example of continual refinement can

be seen in the gear-shift lever. It has been shortened by over an inch and moved four inches closer to the driver's hand. This change provides a more direct, short-throw feel as you run through the RX-7's strong 5-speed gearbox.

THE RX-7 COMES WITH ALL THESE STANDARD FEATURES.

- 5-speed overdrive transmission • AM/FM stereo radio with 2 speakers • Power antenna • Steel-bellied radial tires • Front and rear stabilizer bars



- Complete instrument panel, including voltmeter, temperature and oil-pressure gauges • Analogue quartz clock • Tachometer • Remote control electric fuel filler door release • Tinted glass • All this and more.



1982 Mazda **\$9695****
RX-7 S

Mazda's rotary engine, scored by N.A.A.C.R.E.

1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes only. The mileage you get may vary with type of driving, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be below 4000. Actual city mileage may be below 2000.

Maintenance suggested retail price for RX-7 S. Used prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options, dealer prep, delivery, \$300. Dealer and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparison with vehicles based on 30 tests and information for '82. They may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

EXTRAORDINARY RESALE VALUE.

When the RX-7 was first introduced, word spread quickly among sports car enthusiasts that here, at last, was a truly exceptional sports car.

The popularity of the RX-7 is demonstrated by the fact that many models are worth more today than when they were new.

For example, the 1979 Mazda RX-7 S has performed **100% BETTER** than the average car.

Mazda RX-7 S	118.7%
Dodge 2600 S	98.0%
Ford Mustang	92.1%

retained 118.7% of its original suggested retail price, according to the Kelley Blue Book, March-April 1982.

road poise appears when you discover that its roll angle at 0.5g lateral acceleration is only 1.6 degrees.

This is a significantly lower figure than that of ordinary passenger cars.



MAZDA

The more you look, the more you like.

First Person

by HARRY NIDDLETON

HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE LUCK SOME FOLKS HAVE WITH ROD AND GUNT?

Last Easter my neighbor George Turlow (as I shall call him) and his family sat down to eat a holiday turkey. It was no supermarket bird, but one shot by Turlow a few weeks earlier on a chilly March morning in Louisiana—just 15 minutes after he got out of his Jeep and crossed the river into the woods, with his Browning shotgun and a pocket full of shells. The turkey, a fair-sized one, was nonchalantly feeding in the tall brushhens by the river's edge. It was almost as though the turkey was waiting to be found by Turlow. I was behind him fanning for a Kleenex when he got his bird. It seems I'm always just a step behind Turlow. His day's hunt completed while the morning fog still lay thick in the woods' low places, Turlow carried his bird back to the Jeep, drank hot coffee, balanced his checkbook and dined. I returned at noon, my legs chapped from five hours of turkey calling. It wasn't a good morning. I had only got the attention of five hunting dogs, a curious raccoon, a coyote, a wild rooster and a snickering game warden. Turlow shrugged his shoulders and smiled. He's always shrugging his shoulders and smiling.

Last deer season there was, but one buck taken by a member of the Full Moon Hunting Club. It was Turlow's deer, all six points of it. On that cold December morning Turlow had just sat down to his usual camp breakfast of hot grits and orange juice when the deer

showed up outside the door of the shack. Turlow, dressed in underwear and black cowboy boots, dispatched the deer and was back at his breakfast before his grits had cooled. I went into the woods 39 days last year, leaving most mornings before dawn and without benefit of breakfast, subsisting instead on a Spartan diet of cold coffee and cheese crackers, and came out of the woods at winter's end with blisters, leg cramps and a nagging cough that for weeks threatened to turn into pneumonia.

When we went up into the mountains looking to fill our creeks with trout, Turlow contentedly fished a small section of a mountain stream that supposedly had been fished out years ago. By noon Turlow had a two-pound trout frying in his black skillet and was resting comfortably beneath a willow tree, thumbing through several outdoor catalogs. I was down to my last fly and hadn't even latched on to a good-size tree limb all morning. Moody and surbered, I drove into town for a McDonald's fish sandwich.

Turlow makes his own duck calls out of thin pieces of mahogany, rubber bands and glue. He keeps three on hand at all times, never knowing when a skunk might fly overhead, and the ducks respond to his calls with almost gleeful enthusiasm, all but jumping into his game bag. There seems to be no fowl with which he cannot strike up a conversation. I hunted ducks with Turlow one day last year. He took his first of birds in 20 minutes.

I like Turlow, but, honestly, I have my suspicions about the guy. After all, it's hard to completely trust a man who, in 28 years as an outdoorsman, has never so much as had his hip knocked off by a stray branch, tripped headfirst into a slough with his brand-new shotgun, lost

his best hunting dog (the one with the inherited, infallible homing instinct), or lied to his friends about the size of his first deer or his last fish. Turlow never misplaces his rod and reel, puts his hunting license through the wash, or spills maple syrup over the stock of his deer rifle. His fishing tackle never snaps; his shotgun never jams; his waders never tear or leak. Turlow's wife has never used his best monofilament line to tie up the tomatoes and peas. Indeed, Turlow's wife tolerates his love of sport and the outdoors and willingly spends her weekends washing and polishing his Jeep, Scotchguarding his clothes, steam-drying his flies and renewing his subscriptions to outdoor magazines. While his children mend his tent, mine use ours for a playhouse; it now has finger-pointed walls and extra doors.

There is something just plain unnatural about Turlow. Nobody is supposed to have it that good. Most men live lives that are at best tossed salads, a mixture of good times and bad. An ordinary man might spend any number of cold winter mornings sitting stiff-backed 20 feet up in a beech tree munching cheese crackers just in the hope of seeing a big buck take shape out of the fog at the river's edge. Turlow never gets stiff; his back goes on and on. What's worse, none of it seems to rub off, no matter how close you stay to him. I have followed him into the same beanfield, armed with the identical shotgun and shells, dressed in the same brand of pants, shirt and boots, chewing the same brand of bubble gum, wearing a baseball cap with the same logo on it, smearing of the same after-shave lotion, and have matched him shot for shot. And at day's end I have helped Turlow carry his first of birds out of the same field, the better able to do so because I have bugged none.

Turlow is pretty closemouthed about his luck; he says only that he's always been sort of lucky, always seems to be in the right place at the right time, and that he thinks "it all has something to do with being born under a full hunter's moon." Some members of the Full Moon Hunting Club are out to get Turlow, to tarnish his luck soon. There's talk of letting the air out of his Jeep tires, of punching holes in his mosquito netting, of diluting his bug dope with sugar water. Instead, I've decided to stick close to Turlow, never let him out of my sight, no matter how many trout streams, beanfields and forests I have to follow him into.



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Swing-out side vent windows, standard.

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Steel-belted radial tires, standard.

3-speed overdrive transmission, standard.

for long range:
362 EPA estimated
highway miles.

Swing-out side vent windows, standard.

Intermittent windshield wipers, standard.

Steel-belted radial tires, standard.

3-speed overdrive transmission, standard.

for long range:
362 EPA estimated
highway miles.

Swing-out side vent windows, standard.

Intermittent windshield wipers, standard.

Steel-belted radial tires, standard.

3-speed overdrive transmission, standard.

for long range:
362 EPA estimated
highway miles.



Swing-out side vent windows, standard.

Intermittent windshield wipers, standard.

Steel-belted radial tires, standard.

5-speed overdrive transmission, standard.

for long range: 362 EPA estimated highway miles.



Swing-out side vent windows, standard.

Intermittent windshield wipers, standard.

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5-speed overdrive transmission, standard.

for long range:
362 EPA estimated
highway miles.

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38 27

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Sports Illustrated



photography by Robert Lewis for Sports Illustrated

It's a wonderful world!

Nobody has ever been able to say what sport is *not*.

There would hardly be the same without it. Perhaps that's because sport means a number of opposite things.

It means fact and it means fancy. It is as tangible as a gold club and as intangible as a dewy morning's setting as a photo finish's moment of fate.

It is competition, composure, comradery, anticipation. Sport is not all

things to all people. But today it is something no more different ways to name people than it has ever been before.

It is play for many and work for a few. It is what man has to do and almost everyone wants to do. It represents, on the one hand, challenges, wrongly accepted, and on the other, gambles, willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers or so true as a knight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a stu-

dium at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is excitement and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a beach or beach, 4-day weekend or camping trip.

Sport is a world that would

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly
A Time Inc. Company

TOMY C

Sir:

Your article on Tomy C (Flash, Hope and Tony C, July 3) deserves special applause. With the rising tide of drug abuse revelations, it's good to read about a man who didn't hide behind his misfortune of 1967 and isn't quitting today though under the most extreme financial, physical and psychological pressures.

Don't get me wrong. I don't advocate heading drug abuse in sports under the rug. Cocaine-wasted lives and careers are a sickening part of life today. If the Don Remer story ("I'm Not Worthy a Dame," June 14) can save one person from a similar fate, a service will have been done well.

But as long as fighters like Tomy C are around to inspire us and remind us of the achievements that are possible, we need not wince in despair. That service also deserves recognition.

THOMAS ANDROS
Northampton, Mass.

Sir:

I just read the article on Tony Conigliaro and the goose bumps are still evident. I'm a big fan of baseball and a bigger fan of ex-players like Tony who, against tremendous odds, are still in contact with the world. It's so unfortunate that a player with the capabilities Tony possessed would be the victim of so many horrible events.

You can have your Jacksons, Winfields, Betchers—in my book, Tomy C is the real superstar. Where can we send our letters of encouragement to help Tony through this ordeal?

ROBY SALAZAR
Caryon, Texas

• Tomy C is in the Shaugnessy Rehabilitation Hospital in Salem, Mass.—LJD

Sir:

Tomy Conigliaro is an inspiration to everyone who puts on a baseball glove and dreams of the major leagues. Tony was up, Tony was down, and Tony C will come around. My prayers are with him.

TONY FALCI
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sir:

I'm writing to compliment you on your beautiful article on Tony C. Your title was very appropriate, because faith and hope are what Tony's family will have to live. I was in a car accident in 1971 and the doctors at the time thought I just had a fractured leg—life did. They knew I would lapse into a coma that would last three months. The purpose of this letter is to let Tony's family know I'll say a

prayer for him every day, because I feel the only reason I'm alive is prayer—and the hope that all my friends and family had.

Tomy, keep the faith.

JIM FALKENBURG
Marinette, Wis.

Sir:

Jack McCathern's story on Tomy C was very moving. No one who was in Boston in the mid-1960s remained untouched by this brash and handsome young man, who grew up to live his dream—and was that dream become a nightmare. I had to wipe away tears as I finished the article. Three thousand miles and 15 years later, I'm still rooting for you, Tomy. You owe us one more comeback. I'm going to hold you to it.

MARIE WELLS
Glendale, Calif.

BEST OF THE WORST

Sir:

Finally, Keri Hrbek gets the recognition he deserves (Local 8, May 19). Good, Local Team Makes Bad, July 31. He was a great choice for a cover story. It's too bad they didn't put his name on the All-Star ballot instead of some of the other nookies on bigger-name teams. It made it clear that the Twins can be proud to have someone like Hrbek playing for them, not only for his playing ability but also for his personality. Thanks again to Steve Wall for the article.

KARIN JACOB
Plainville, Mass.

Sir:

The photograph of Kerry Hrbek in the article about her brother, Keri, exemplifies another of the ills of having fans select the major league baseball All-Star teams (SportsCenter, May 31). By writing her brother's name "on at least 20 balloons a day," Kerry is guilty of ball-stuffing. How many friends and schoolmates has she enlisted to send a similar number of balloons daily?

Even more shameful are the television and radio announcers and club officials who exhibit the faith to send in votes for local favorites. The entire selection procedure has become a farce and should be abandoned. Turn the vote over to the managers and coaches or to the electors who select players for the Baseball Hall of Fame. They are the people who care about the integrity of the game.

BOB TREVINO
Los Angeles

Sir:

Thank you for a great article on making sensation Keri Hrbek of the lovely Twins. But there's one thing I don't understand. You mention that there were 248 homers in 1961

at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles, home of the Angels. I thought Wrigley Field was the home of the Chicago Cubs. Was that the name of the field of the Angels, too, or is it a mistake?

TOM LARSEN
Winchester, Ohio

• That was indeed the name of the field—the Chicago Cubs used to own the L.A. Angels of the Pacific Coast League—but the city ordered the field named in 1964.—ED

CLARE

Sir:

I had the pleasure of hosting Don and JoAnne Carter (No Fish Story, Golf's Top Lady, July 31) as a cookout about a year ago. It was our first meeting, and I admit to being somewhat starstruck. After the meal, when most were leaning back with a cup of coffee, I was horrified to find JoAnne in the kitchen scraping dishes. Her reaction as I ushered her back to the other guests was typical. JoAnne: "Why not?" Somebody has to do it. The lady doesn't understand she isn't just "somebody."

JoAnne's winning the USGA's Bob Jones Award was appropriate. I think it was golf chronicler Herbert Warren Wind who once said of Bob Jones, "He's a gaffer and a gentleman . . . and he's all there is of both." With allowance for the difference in sex, the same can be said of JoAnne Carter.

DEAN LEUKHART
Sandy Springs, Ga.

BLEASE

Sir:

Carl Schoenher's REMINISCENCE (July 31) about poolrooms in the 1940s and '50s was very accurate and captured the pulse of those halcyon days, which were similar to the ones we experienced here in northeastern Ohio.

Virtually all the regulars had rakishness. Among the many were Ruckus, Harriet, Whoo-on, Count, several Bunches, Shins and Whiskeys, and even a "Bob" Feller. It is Schoenher's "Cliff" blazes.

Most of these "patrons" were sleazy, all right, but they also had a certain warmth. Who can forget the in-house shoeshine stands where older pool hoppers perched like herons, the talcum powder and spittoon, the room's incoming Western Union ticker tape for bond investors or baseball plunkers, the time clocks that the usually shifty and fan-proprietors punched, as if they were in a factory. Or the distant creak of smokes (vintage, hard-boiled eggs, varnishes and cheese).

Yes, Carl, these were the days. I loved them.

PAUL A. BAUMHARTNER SR.
Lorain, Ohio

continued

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10TH WOLE continued

BLOSS

Sir:

You have to give credit where credit is due. I think Bob Orton did an excellent job of covering the zany Paul brothers (*Hoosier*) the Barbarians, June 28), and I know, because they have lived with me in the Veneco-Santa Monica area on and off for the past two years. These guys are by far the strongest twins alive, as they claim to be.

I must also add that it's true about the sweaty clothes. I've seen David wear the same socks for three weeks.

DAVID DASHNEY

Spring Valley Lake, Calif.

Sir:

That was an excellent piece Bob Orton did on Peter and David Paul. It's great to see an article about two future Mr. Olympians. I hope SI is there when the twins enter their first competition.

CARL DE BOIS

Remton, Wash.

Sir:

I'm sure glad you ran the article on the Barbarians. Visiting off balconies? Never bathing? Getting thrown out of restaurants? Mair-handling policemen? Destroying property?

Gee, what swell guys! Just the sort I'd like my sons to emulate.

MARK BROMLEY

Provo, Utah

Sir:

I was discussing Bob Orton's article on the Barbarian twins with friends at our local weightlifting gymnasium, and we agreed that these brothers could probably lift the entire building. However, one of the participants in our discussion pointed out what seems to be an error in the article. On page 32, the lower picture illustrates David attempting to bench press what is captioned as "500 pounds." The Olympic bar, weighing 45 pounds, appears to hold six plates, presumably weighing 45 pounds each. Now, if our assumptions and mathematics are correct, $7 \times 45 = 315$ pounds.

STEVEN E. FRYENINGER

New Castle, Ind.

★ You're right. We had made the same estimate, but when we checked with the twins, Peter erroneously recalled the poundage as 580.—ED.

Sir:

If I lift a bunch of weights and act as heartily as possible, may I, too, have an article written about me in SI? I'm already up to 24 eggs a day.

ROBERT W. BUSCH

Leavenworth, Kans.

Letters should include the name, address and, home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

SMOKERS

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Kent	12	1.0	Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights	11	0.9	Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0	Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Salem	14	1.1	Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Kool Mids	11	0.9	Salem 100's	15	1.1
Newport	16	1.2	Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
TAR & NICOTINE NUMBERS AS REPORTED IN LATEST FTC REPORT					
Carlton Kings	Less than 0.5	0.1	Carlton Box 100's Less than 0.5 0.1		
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